The Outlook

Vol. 68 August 31, 1901 No. 18

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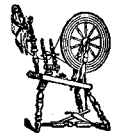

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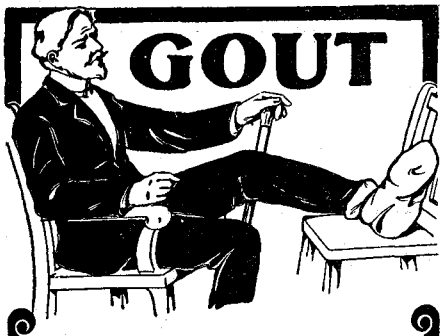

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The Outlook

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Mr. Kennan's Expulsion from Russia

Mr. George Kennan, who was recently requested to leave Russia by the Government because his book on "Siberia and the Exile System" and other writings about Russia do not meet the approval of that Government, last week reached this country. Mr. Kennan appears in no way disturbed by the action of the Russian police, but is naturally sorry to be deprived of expected opportunities to study the present condition of affairs in Russia, and particularly disappointed in not being able to visit Tolstoï. In an interview with the representative of a Boston paper Mr. Kennan said that he knew that the faults and atrocities of the exile system described fifteen years ago in his book had been greatly ameliorated—largely, we may add, because of that book—and he had hoped to note and record the improvement. As it was, he was able to make some observations in Finland before he started for St. Petersburg. In the interview above referred to Mr. Kennan says:

> I was in Finland long enough to learn that the feeling there is exceedingly bitter toward the Russian Government. The Finns have always been a peaceable and contented people, but the wrongs they have suffered from Russia have been too much for them to bear with patience, and there is a widespread and growing feeling of resentment against their oppressors. The treatment of Finland by Russia has been, to my mind, one of the most deplorable episodes in the history of that despotic country. The pledges made to the Finns by every Czar, from Alexander I. to the present one, whereby no changes were to be made in the constitution of Finland without the consent of the local diet, have been ruthlessly broken. As far as I can see, too, the outlook for Finland is hopeless.

The increased and extraordinary popular love for Count Tolstoï was brought prominently to Mr. Kennan's attention; despite the excommunication, Tolstoï remains the idol of the people, and his letters and articles are passed secretly from hand to hand when publication is forbidden. Recently the Russian Government went so far as to forbid the Red Cross Society to sell a picture postal card with Tolstoï's portrait. Mr. Kennan thinks that Tolstoï realizes that he has not long to live, and is making every effort to round out appropriately his life's work of reform. When he dies, adds Mr. Kennan, he will undoubtedly be accorded the greatest funeral ever given any Russian. Personally, Mr. Kennan was civilly treated by the Russian authorities. He took no steps to protest against his expulsion, and did not invoke diplomatic aid from the United States. In welcoming Mr. Kennan back The Outlook may take the opportunity to express the great pleasure felt by its editors at being able to announce to the readers of The Outlook that Mr. Kennan will act as the special representative of this journal in Washington during the coming session of Congress, and will contribute a series of signed articles on important political questions as they appear when viewed at the capital.

❀

France and Turkey

It has been found that the only way to obtain the payment of debts or the keeping of promises from the Sultan is to take him by the throat; consequently he is now enduring the unpleasant experience of being taken by the throat frequently. The American claim against Turkey was paid after serious pressure, although without any actual rupture of diplomatic relations. France, envious perhaps of the good fortune of the United States in obtaining payment from a recalcitrant debtor, has applied diplomatic pressure of the first order to the Porte, with the immediate result of obtaining assurances which will probably actually be observed. The

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ignorance or recklessness of the sensational American press was shown last week by its repetition of such headlines as "War Within Forty-eight Hours," "Constantinople to be Bombarded." In point of fact, there has been no serious danger of war; for one reason, Turkey is totally unable to cope with France at sea, and war with a Power like France is the last thing which the Porte desires. The matter in dispute concerned the quays which have been constructed in Constantinople by a French company, with the understanding that they were to be taken over by the Turkish Government under certain conditions. The Sultan, as usual, has broken his promises about this matter, and has neither allowed the French company freedom of action nor allowed it to carry out the option granted to it of selling to the Turkish Government. Promises were made by the Government that the quays should be purchased, and that a loan of eight million dollars should be raised for that purpose. After repeated postponements the French Ambassador insisted that this promise should be fulfilled by noon of Monday of last week; as it was not fulfilled, the French Ambassador to Constantinople, M. Constans, notified the Sultan that diplomatic relations were broken off between the two countries. Later on a direct warning, which had somewhat the nature of an ultimatum, was sent to the Sultan that the French Ambassador would leave Constantinople at a given date unless an understanding was reached. Finally, on Friday of last week, an Imperial irade, or decree, was issued, declaring that the company which built the quays should be allowed to exercise the freedom of the rights granted by the concession; and it is believed that the other matters involved will soon be amicably arranged. So, apparently, ends an international storm which has been sudden of appearance in the diplomatic sky and brief in duration.

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England and Ireland

Aside from the war and the frequent bitter and oftentimes personal debates which arose out of it, one of the marked features of the late session of Parliament was the new position of the Irish members. Not since 1890, when Parnell's moral breakdown led to the split in the Nationalist party, have the Irish members presented such a united front in the House of Commons. From the Irish point of view, Mr. John Redmond has been a distinct success as leader of the reunited Nationalists. He is not a Parnell. Ireland can hardly hope to produce a second Parnell in the lifetime of one generation. But Mr. Redmond has had a long experience in the House of Commons, and he has many of the qualities of a Parliamentary leader who is in opposition. He is persistent and audacious even for an Irish Nationalist; and under his leadership the session was marked by a recrudescence of much of the activity and bitterness on the part of the Nationalists which characterized the sessions between Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886 and the incoming of the Salisbury Government in 1895. From the Irish members there was persistent and daringly outspoken condemnation of the war and of its management. There were frequent altercations with the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees. There were several turbulent scenes and much obstruction; and altogether the House of Commons and the country were made abundantly aware of the fact that the Irish Nationalists are again united, bent on pushing Home Rule, and as determined as they were at any time since 1881 to make themselves obnoxious at Westminster. In Ireland, as a result of the reorganization of the party and its renewed activity, a little new life has been infused into the Home Rule movement. In England the position is unchanged, or, if changed at all, is still more unfavorable to Home Rule. English people just now are troubling themselves very little with politics. There is more political apathy and indifference than at any time during the last thirty years. The war is still on; but public interest in it has long been on the wane. Everybody is weary of it, and middle-class England is chafing under its cost. Still, while no other question can be said to be occupying public attention, the attitude which English people are taking up towards the proposal that the Irish representation at Westminster shall be much reduced shows that the predominant partner will make no concession to the Irish demand for Home Rule.

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The Steel Strike's Progress There was no important net change in the steel situation last week. The company claimed to have reopened several departments in certain mills, but the men denied that work of any importance was going on in them. The men claimed that work in several departments in other mills had been brought to a standstill, but the company explained that the stoppage was entirely due to the lack of material supplied by other departments and not by further defections to the ranks of the strikers. At South Chicago the efforts to get the employees of the old Illinois Steel Company to follow the example of their fellows at Joliet and Milwaukee in treating their contract with their former employers as no longer binding failed to produce any tangible effect. These works at South Chicago are the most important operated by the old Illinois company, and employ, according to an article in the last issue of the "American Journal of Sociology," over six thousand men—of whom barely one-fifth are of American or English birth. The policy of the Trust has continued to be the dismantling of plants in places where unionism is strong, and the transfer of work to places where it is weak. On Sunday it was announced from Pittsburg that the Star mills of the Tin Plate Company, which were to have been abandoned, are now to be re-equipped and enlarged because the Trust finds that it can operate them with non-union employee . On the part of the strikers the work of the week has been to secure sympathetic action from other unions. It is reported that members of the coal-miners' union have refused to handle coal for one of the Trust factories, but no general sympathetic strike on the part of the coal-miners is feared. Indeed, it seems scarcely credible that such action was solicited by the Amalgamated Association, since very few of the anthracite miners are either directly or indirectly employed by the Steel Trust, and sympathetic strikes against employers so remotely involved in a conflict are recognized by nearly all union leaders as suicidal. The disastrous failure of the attempt of the American Railway Union to punish the railroads for refusing to discharge their duties as common carriers to the Pullman Company was believed to have taught this lesson to the most pugnacious unionists, but last week it was reported that one of the steel strikers had written to Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, asking that his order refuse to handle trains carrying Trust-made goods. This letter, says the report, brought the sensible reply that the locomotive engineers would keep their contracts with the roads and not attempt to discriminate between shippers. The chief point of danger to the Trust from sympathetic strikes seems to lie in the threatened action of the building trades unions, which may in certain cities refuse to handle building material made by "strike-breakers." Toward the close of last week there were renewed reports that the strike would be settled through the mediation of the committee of the National Civic Federation. This committee has been in conference with the strikers, and is reported to have secured concessions enough to reopen negotiations for a settlement. Its disinterested work deserves all praise. Should it fail to secure a settlement by compelling each side to understand the other's position, we trust that it will make a report to the public which will enable it to understand where the responsibility for the continuance of the conflict rests.

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A Record-Breaking Convention The Republican State Convention in Pennsylvania met, organized, adopted platform, nominated candidates, and adjourned in just one hour and thirty minutes. The record-breaking speed of these "deliberations" was, of course, due to the fact that the Convention merely ratified the programme prepared for it by the Quay machine, whose leading members did not even take the trouble to attend. The platform adopted affected to regard the issue of ring rule "with amusement rather than concern," and declared that the Democratic declarations on the subject might be "found in the files of the so-called yellow journals . . . subsidized by full-page advertisements." This deliverance was followed by an attack upon Mr. Wanamaker, whose exposure of the plundering operations of the ring, by offering $2,000,000 for the franchise the ring demanded as a gift, evidently inflicted an unhealed wound. The Democratic

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Convention is taunted with having completely ignored National issues, in a campaign in which no National official is to be elected, and Republican voters of the State are asked to support the State machine on the ground that the National policy of the Democratic party created the (international) depression of trade between 1893 and 1897, and that the National policy of the Republican party created the (international) revival of trade since 1898. The tactics adopted recalls a favorite story of Fred Douglas about a State Senator of his own race, who, when confronted in a joint debate by the most explicit proof of plundering the public treasury, successfully weathered the gale by disdainfully declining to notice "the personalities" to which his opponent had stooped, and asking for re-election as the representative of the "grand old party which has given liberty to all my race." Whether the Pennsylvania Republicans can be similarly diverted from the real issue before them remains to be seen.

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Fusion in Philadelphia

The present prospects are somewhat favorable to the movement which has been inaugurated in Philadelphia to defeat the nominations of the Quay-Ashbridge machine at the November election. The various organizations opposed to the ring have agreed upon a strong fusion ticket. The Municipal League assumed the leadership, calling together a conference committee composed of representatives of the Union or Town Meeting party (which placed District Attorney Rothermel in nomination), the Municipal League, the Citizens' Union, the Young Democracy, and the Jeffersonian Society. The latter two bodies are independent Democratic organizations. After numerous meetings of the conferees, a full ticket for the State and city offices has been agreed upon for recommendation to the constituent bodies. Judge Harmon Yerkes, who was nominated by the Democrats, is recommended for Justice of the Supreme Court. The Hon. E. A. Coray, Jr., one of the insurgent leaders of the late Legislature, was named for State Treasurer. It is generally expected that later in the campaign the Hon. A. J. Palm, the Democratic nominee for State Treasurer, will retire from the ticket to make room for Coray, and in this way fusion between the independent and Democratic forces be accomplished. On the city ticket put forward by the fusionists are five Republican officials, who have given pre-eminent satisfaction to the public, but were refused nomination by the party machine because they refused to submit to its dictation. Whether the ticket thus named by the reform organizations and the independent Democrats will receive the indorsement of the regular Democratic organization remains to be seen. This indorsement, however, is not so important as people outside of Philadelphia are apt to think. A generation ago, it is true, Philadelphia was a Democratic city, and as such gave majorities against Fremont and Lincoln. But of late years the Democratic party has declined in power, until at the last election it polled but one vote to the Republicans' three. But numerical weakness is not its only shortcoming. The machine which has controlled it has gradually become a mere tender to the Republican machine. A strong effort has lately been inaugurated, however, to bring about reorganization, and a committee for that purpose was appointed by the recent State Convention. It is hoped that the policy of this committee, and of ex-Governor Pattison, who has been elected Chairman of the Democratic City Committee, will bring about co-operation. The Democrats have certainly a great opportunity, which the friends of good government hope they will avail themselves of at the present juncture. It is generally conceded that if they do not throw their whole influence against the Quay machine at this time, they will stand stultified in the eyes of the country.

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Virginia Republicans and Iowa Democrats

The Virginia Republican Convention boldly took up the issue of negro disfranchisement presented by the attitude of the Democratic party in the Constitutional Convention now in session, and declared its allegiance to the old Republican doctrine that all the governed are entitled to an equal voice in the government. The Democratic plan to discriminate in favor of certain voters because of the privileges of their

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grandparents was denounced as hostile to the spirit of republican institutions, and the plan to deny others the suffrage because of their color was denounced as hostile to the letter as well as the spirit of the National Constitution. Apart from this issue, the most important declaration of the platform was its arraignment of the Democratic Legislature for its long-continued refusal to modify the "fellow-servant law" so as to permit the employees of corporations to secure damages for accidents for which they themselves were not responsible. In the Iowa Democratic Convention the one question debated was the indorsement of the Kansas City platform, or the restriction of the platform to State issues. The majority of the committee on resolutions favored the latter plan, but a minority report reaffirming the National platform of the party, though declaring State issues paramount in the approaching campaign, was adopted by a vote of 669½ to 550½. The State issue pushed to the front was the same that Governor Pingree successfully urged in Michigan, and that Governor La Follette is now insisting upon in Wisconsin and Mayor Johnson in Ohio—the taxation of railroad and other corporate property in the same manner and at the same rate as the farms and homes of individual citizens. This reform is evidently gaining strength in all parts of the country.

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Proposed Monument to Jefferson

The Outlook has received from Lieutenant C. P. Shaw the appeal which we publish below; we are very glad to give additional publicity to it. In our judgment, this country owes a debt beyond all estimate both to Jefferson and to Hamilton, as representatives of two contrasting tendencies whose intermingling and combination has made America. The Republic should treasure the names of such men, and should preserve some visible monument of their life and service; the best of all monuments is the home identified with the patriot and pioneer whose name we wish to preserve. Monticello has passed into private hands, but the monument which marks Jefferson's grave, which is not far from his former residence, is public property, and access to it is open to the public, and the owner of Monticello, despite the fact that his hospitality is sometimes abused by vandals, still courteously allows strangers to visit the spot forever identified with the great leader of the American democratic movement. It would be a fitting memorial to Jefferson's name if the road making access to Monticello easy should be built by a spontaneous democratic contribution. The appeal is as follows:

In 1903 will be celebrated the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, the greatest expansion which our country has ever undergone. This purchase was largely due to the then President, Thomas Jefferson. To him, as statesman, patriot, and patron of letters, many monuments have been erected, but not one to the practical side of his character which induced him to advocate economic reforms, such as the building of canals and good roads. To commemorate suitably this characteristic it has been proposed to build a memorial road from his tomb at Monticello to Charlottesville, near which is situated the University of Virginia, which he founded. The present road of two and a half miles between these two points is very roughly surfaced, with a maximum grade of fifteen feet rise in the hundred, which makes travel thereon disagreeable and even dangerous. A survey, just completed, has resulted in selecting an ideal location for a new road, three miles in length, with such light grades that a team to a pleasure vehicle may trot either up or down. The proposed road is to be built under the supervision and direction of the Road Inquiry Office of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, as an object-lesson in modern road-making, and assumes a character of National importance, since the tomb of Jefferson is visited annually by people from all parts of the United States. The County of Albemarle, justly proud of her distinguished citizen, would gladly undertake this work, but she cannot do it in justice to the need of other localities, since, in the words of the Commission which selected the new location, "this short piece of road is not of sufficient value to the whole county to justify such a large expenditure from the general treasury." It is therefore suggested to build this road as a National memorial to the practical side of the man to whom our country owes so much, and whose fame is the common heritage of the whole land. Now, therefore, while the Nation is preparing to celebrate this great Louisiana Purchase by an expenditure of millions of dollars in an exposition in St. Louis, and the erection in that city of a monument to Jefferson, it seems most fitting that it should build, in the county in which he was born, at the cost of only a few thousand dollars, a lasting Memorial Road to his tomb. For this reason an appeal is made to all admirers of Jefferson, and to all lovers of good roads, to unite in building this object-lesson in road-making which shall commemorate one of our greatest Americans.

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Old Home Week First instituted in 1898 by Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, the dedication of a week in the holiday month of August to local commemorations of hereditary interest seems likely to become, at least in New England, a permanent thing. Last year Maine adopted it from New Hampshire. This year Vermont has joined the celebrants. Sporadic celebrations have also occurred elsewhere in New England. The sentiment appealed to is venerable and perennial. The Governors of the three States by their proclamations designating the week have only given public recognition to the sentiment of the thousands that have swarmed forth from the New England hive, and have concentrated public interest in its appropriate collective manifestation. New Hampshire, as it first led the way, seems to have observed the week this year with peculiar zeal, inaugurating it with beacon fires on the hill-tops in every county and in many a town. Whether in the cities or in the little towns, the observances in the three States have been of the same general character. The historical element, of course, has been made prominent by addresses, in churches or in town halls, commemorating the early pioneers, the old settlers and soldiers of the old wars, and such natives of the neighborhood as have won fame for themselves and their town. Some of these little towns have a notable roll of honor, as Boscawen, N. H., whose record, says the Rev. A. A. Berle, "includes not mere generals and soldiers of every rank and figuring in all kinds of wars, but statesmen and lawyers of the very first rank, financiers and diplomats and men of invention and commerce, together with ministers innumerable, and college presidents sufficiently numerous as not to be at all exceptional." The local celebrations with more or less formality have taken form in processions and speech-making, illuminations and the dedication of monuments and public buildings, or in dinners and picnics, concerts and athletic games.

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Back to the Country It hardly needs to be said that the significance of such an observance as Old Home Week, though prompted and fed by sentiment, issues in something more practical. It is desirable that the exuberant life that has been drained away from rural New England, to discharge its forceful current upon the wheels of material progress, should return with some freshening impulses to little communities often threatened with stagnation and decay because depleted of their most enterprising element. Years ago the wise policy of New Hampshire initiated such a return by appointing a Commissioner whose office was to promote the sale of abandoned farms for summer homes to city residents. The effect of this, already perceptible to the traveler's eye, was noted by Mr. Winston Churchill, the novelist, a former resident of Cornish, N. H., in his address at the recent celebration in Concord. He regarded it as a sign of the times that men are coming back to New Hampshire to settle "precisely as their fathers went out fifty years ago to Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas to settle." Though they do not winter there, their family home is fixed there for a good part of the year, and they aid in the general betterment of the vicinage. Speaking as one of such, he said: "We are not here to criticise or to meddle, but to fraternize and lend a hand in public enterprises with those who have been here always, and whose families never went West at all." The cottages and villas springing up along the Maine coast, by the margin of the New Hampshire lakes, and on the flanks of Monadnock and the Green Mountains, are evidences of this return tide. Its effects upon the vicinage appear in better roads, village improvements, a new church or public library here and there, and a general quickening of local enterprise.

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The Evolution of Housework A bulletin remarkably interesting to men as well as women has just been issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor upon the relative cost of food when cooked in the home and when purchased from outside. The investigation was conducted by a committee of the Boston branch of the Collegiate Alumni Association, and was in the main under the direction of Miss Gertrude Bigelow, a graduate of Wellesley in 1893. The investigation was prompted—as all enlightening

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investigations are—by a theory, but it was not vitiated, as so many investigations are, by a greater concern for the theory than for the facts. The committee felt that the solution for the problem of domestic servitude—so embarrassing in democratic communities—lay in the continued transfer of work from dependent producers within the household to independent workers without. The fact that the old household industries of spinning, weaving, the curing of meat, and latterly the washing of clothes and cleaning of carpets, had passed or were passing into the hands of outside workers had been duly noted, and the committee wished to ascertain to what extent it was already economical to have cooking transferred in the same way. The chief difficulty confronted lay, of course, in the necessity of estimating the cost of the labor performed in the kitchen, the cost of the fuel used in preparing the food, and the expense for wear and tear on stoves and pots and pans that ought finally to be added to the apparent expense of home-cooked foods. This last item the committee was finally obliged to ignore because no figures of any value could be obtained. As to the cost of labor, the committee reckoned that well-to-do city families pay a servant $4 a week in wages, $3 a week in food and other supplies, making all told $7 a week, or about 8½ cents an hour for the working time. As to the cost of fuel, the committee found by experiment that a coal stove cost 16 cents a day, an oil stove 17 cents, and a gas stove 27 cents, if no allowance was made for the labor of caring for the fires and cleaning the stoves; but that if this labor was charged for at 8½ cents an hour, the coal stove cost 23 cents a day, the oil stove 24 cents, and the gas stove 30 cents. The gas used cost $1 a thousand feet, so that the experiments indicated that with gas at 75 cents a thousand—the price in Wheeling under public ownership and in Cleveland under private ownership—gas would be as cheap a cooking fuel as coal.

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Home-Cooked vs. Purchased Food

As to the cost of food, the committee found that there is already a slight economy in buying bread of the baker, for although the materials cost only 3 cents a pound for a home-baked loaf, service and fuel brought the total cost to 6 cents—or nearly half a cent more than the baker charged. In the case of meat, on the other hand, fuel and service added only one-fifth to the cost of material, and meat cooked at home was a full third cheaper than meat bought ready cooked. What was true of meat was approximately true of entire dinners. A large family living near the New England Kitchen had their meals supplied from that quarter for several days, and then the same meals cooked at home for as many more, and repeated the experiment half a dozen times. Some things were supplied almost as cheaply from the outside "kitchen" as from that in the household, but, on the whole, the average cost of food for each person was 16 cents per meal when it was prepared at home, and 25 cents when bought ready cooked. The committee recognizes that its figures are not applicable to all families, since some would be at the same expense for servants even if they had their cooking done outside. But over against these families are others which, by the purchase of some ready-cooked foods, can dispense with a servant altogether. Families which wish to do their own work must often reckon labor at more than 8½ cents an hour, and as the number of such families tends to increase with the increasing cost and irksomeness of domestic service, the demand for food cooked outside the household may increase as rapidly as the demand for food that is baked or cured or canned outside the household has increased in the past. With the increase in the demand for food prepared, or partly prepared, outside the household, there is certain to come, not only an increase in the supply, but a cheapening and bettering of the service.

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The Hampton Summer Normal Institute

The work at Hampton grows broader and deeper year by year. Recognizing the importance of having in the elementary schools for colored children the best-equipped teachers, Hampton has held for the last few years a summer normal school for the training of such teachers. This summer school aims to give to these colored teachers, especially those who have not received

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a normal school training, the latest and most approved methods of teaching and school management. The steady increase in numbers and the wider mental view of those who attend from the various sections of the country, particularly from the South, indicate the success of this summer school. The session just closed was the most successful one yet held both in point of numbers and work accomplished. There were three hundred and forty-seven teachers in attendance from twelve States, two Territories, and the District of Columbia, the largest number coming from Virginia. A hundred and ninety-four teachers, following the educational trend of the times, took work in industrial subjects. These studies were upholstery, sewing, cooking, dairy husbandry, sloyd, basketry, and agriculture. To acquaint their pupils during the coming school session more with things than words, to develop in them a proper appreciation of serviceable handiwork studies that may have a ready commercial value in adult life, seemed to be the desire of the teachers who took the industrial subjects. These subjects were supplemented by academic work in elementary and advanced English, school economics, psychology, civics, experimental physics, primary methods, free-hand drawing, arithmetic, and business forms and methods. A suggestive course in American history was given, the object of which was to develop race consciousness through the study of negro history in its relation to the National life. The course, quite novel in subject, "Negro Ideals," evoked considerable enthusiasm. Drs. Frissell, of Hampton, and Southall, the Superintendent of Public Instruction for Virginia, have shown deep interest in the growth of this summer institute that will help in a wise way to solve the problem of the common school of the South for the negro child.

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The Northfield General Conference

While the usual large attendance was apparent this year, there seemed to be a larger number than usual of ministers in company with members of their churches. Special interest, of course, centered in the new leader, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Mr. Moody's chosen successor. Taking for the text of a powerful opening address the saying of Jesus that the instructed disciple of the Kingdom brings both old and new things from the treasury of truth, he put forward the old doctrines of the divine sovereignty and the atoning cross, and called for a new separation of the church from the world, with new effort to reach the unreached masses. The Rev. Samuel Chadwick, of Leeds, England, a new accession to the Northfield platform, also attracted marked interest. One of the younger ministers of British Wesleyans, he has won regard by his efficiency in evangelistic work and as a Biblical preacher. Among prominent features of the conference were Professor Towner's Musical Institute, dealing with music specially in its relation to Christian work, and Dr. Torrey's Institute of Christian Doctrine, a series of addresses on the fundamental truths. In these two lecturers Mr. Moody's Bible Institute at Chicago, where thirty-five hundred men and women have received training in the twelve years of its existence, was strongly represented. Professor Towner pronounced strongly for the chorus choir and against the quartette: "Never have it," said he of the latter. "Missionary Day," August 12, when nearly ninety missionaries were present, was prolonged from the early prayer-meeting at 6:30 to the end of the evening. Mr. S. B. Capen, President of the American Board, spoke at the twilight meeting on "Foreign Missions as an Investment from a Layman's Point of View." Instances are not wanting of manufacturers who have been made contributors to missions by discovering that a demand springs up for the tools and products of civilization where the missionary has carried new light and life into dark and stagnant communities. In connection with the Conference, a Young People's Institute, as for several years past, attracted many representatives of young people's societies, and a Post-Graduate Conference, directed by Messrs. Morgan and Chadwick, followed it for the week ending August 26.

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The New Life in Japan

A luminous account of the general advance recently made in the Island Empire is presented in a pamphlet by the Rev. D. C. Greene, a missionary there in the service of the American Board. The

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census shows that the population, now about forty-four millions, has increased nearly fifteen per cent. in eleven years, or rather more than half the rate at which our own has increased in ten years, with all the advantage of our large immigration—the increase of the city population being about three times that of the Empire as a whole. The productiveness of the land has increased still more largely. Industrial and commercial growth has been vastly greater. From 1884 to 1898 manufacturing companies increased from less than four hundred to over two thousand, and their aggregate capital from five million to a hundred and twenty-two million *yen* (the *yen* is equal to about eighty-eight cents). Commercial companies multiplied from some six hundred and fifty to over four thousand, and their capital from about nine million *yen* to three hundred million. Transportation companies grew from about two hundred to over five hundred and thirty, with a growth of capital from about seven million *yen* to nearly two hundred million. In education a similar expansion has taken place, especially in the universities, the middle schools, and the girls' schools, the last showing over eight thousand pupils in 1898 to about thirty-two hundred in 1889. The attendance at the primary schools has risen from three million to four, and will increase now more rapidly because of the recent abolition of the fees hitherto paid. That the common people prize the opportunities of culture appears from the fact that in the universities they already outnumber the gentry and the nobles together. Dr. Greene mentions having overheard two coolies discussing the questions at issue in our Presidential campaign. The door is now open through the schools for those once destined to be serfs to reach the highest stations in military or political life. That the reading population has vastly increased appears in the nearly eightfold increase of newspapers and magazines since 1884. Whether an ethical advance has taken place has been doubted or denied by many. Dr. Greene admits the existence of serious evils, but observes that the laws take more cognizance of them, and public opinion visits sharper censure on them. On one hand, he finds that life and property were never so secure as now. On the other hand, charitable work is expanding, and the national conscience extends its criticism into fields formerly outside its view. The lot of the lowly, the despised, the outcast, now appeals to a new public sentiment, which gives them the benefit of a more favorable interpretation and a more effective administration of the law. Politically, the reign of the common people seems still far off, but a gradual democratizing is apparent. The number of persons entitled to vote in national elections is still but a million. But for local elections a recent law, by lowering the property qualification, has increased the electorate from less than half a million to over two millions. The same law has introduced with equitable results the principle of minority representation, which even we have not yet attained to. In the present House of Representatives the commoners outnumber the gentry three to one, and the distinction between the two classes, says Dr. Greene, "is slowly but surely passing away."

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Christianity in Japan The advance of Christianity in Japan is evidently not to be measured by the present number of its enrolled adherents. These are but about one hundred and twenty thousand, nearly one-third of them Protestants, the rest divided between the Greek and the Roman Church in the ratio of about one to two. But in the successive Diets the Christians have never had less than four times their proportional number of members. In the present Diet they have thirteen members, besides the Speaker, and among them some of the most efficient men. "One of them was elected in a strongly Buddhist district by a majority of five to one." Last year, in the Executive Committee of the Liberal party, two of its three members were Christians; and this year one of the three. Three per cent. of the officers of the army are said to be Christians, and a goodly proportion also of naval officers. The late Rear-Admiral Serata was an ardent and active Christian. Christians in abnormal numbers abound in the universities and Government colleges, among both students and instructors. Not less than three of the great dailies of Tokio are largely in Christian hands, and Christians are at the head of editorial departments

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in several others. A very large volume of charitable work and the most successful charitable institutions are also under Christian management. From twenty-five hundred to three thousand youth pass every year out of Christian schools, where they have averaged four years spent under Christian influences. The effect of this on public opinion is shown by Buddhist imitators, who undertake to form young men's associations, women's and children's societies, and to organize charitable institutions and schools according to Christian patterns. Public sentiment favors a Religions Bill, which Dr. Greene expects will ere long be passed, making Shintoism, Buddhism, and Christianity equal before the law. Quite recently Christian schools have been relieved of some serious disabilities. Since the incorporation of Japan with the civilized world she has been affected by the various currents of thought observable elsewhere in that world. Politically, the intense nationalism of the Japanese, and the reaction of many liberally educated men against party government, reproduce phenomena noticeable even in the United States and Great Britain. Religiously, the churches of Japan have felt, like those of the West, a temporary check during the process of readjusting Christian doctrines to modern science and philosophy—a check which appears to have reached its limit in the beginning, which we recently reported, of a great revival.

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Trust Employees as Stockholders

A New York newspaper which favors the Steel Trust in the present controversy announces that the head of the Trust at the time of its organization set aside several million dollars' worth of stock to be sold to employees "at inside prices," so as to create a labor union of an ideal type—a union in which the members would share the profits as well as the wages of the concern they manned. The plan was adopted, says this newspaper, because of the "great success of profit-sharing in the Carnegie Company," and its execution was merely postponed for a couple of years, until the affairs of the Trust were in a more settled running order.

Unfortunately, this announcement does not bear the impress of reliability. In the first place, it is not made at the right time, or in the right manner, to convince the public that any such plan has actually been adopted. In the second place, the reference to the "great success of profit-sharing in the Carnegie Company" is a reference to a form of philanthropy which the Carnegie Company never professed to have adopted. In the third place—and this is really the most unfortunate feature of it all—it is doubtful if the stock of the Steel Trust could be sold to the employees and held by them, however generous might be the intentions of the managers.

Gigantic concerns like the Steel Trust, whose securities are listed on the stock exchanges, are the very last in which workmen can become part owners and managers. If the trust stock represented only the capital invested in the plants, the situation would be better, since neither hard times nor the re-establishment of competition could take away its entire value, and the investment might be considered safe. But even safe investments in stock exchange securities are not often attractive to working people, since they yield their possessors barely five per cent. on their market value, and workingmen with a few hundred dollars ahead will not invest in five per cent. securities on the stock exchange when they can realize ten per cent. through owning instead of renting their homes. Even those who already own their homes will not put their surplus into stock exchange securities when they can so easily realize eight per cent. by renting homes to others, if they devote their attention to looking closely after their property. To sell these workmen stock at "inside prices" would be at best a temporary expedient, for even if the workmen—and not outsiders in their name—took the stock offered at less than the market price, they could not be kept from selling it at the market price as soon as they wanted the money for something else. Even, therefore, if the trust stocks were as secure investments as the bonds which Mr. Carnegie took in payment for his interests, it would not be an investment which wage-earners could be asked to hold. For the present, indeed, most trust stocks are paying more than five per cent. on their market value (and far more

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than five per cent. on the original value of the plants they represent), but these higher rates of interest, as Emerson put it, are but the measure of the insecurity of the principal. Such investments should be touched by those only who can afford to lose. They are the last that should be commended to wage-earners, who, it has been observed, are led to begin saving, not by high rates of interest, but by the certainty that their savings will be at their call in time of need. Mr. Carnegie recognized this principle in 1889 when, in lieu of profit-sharing, he established a savings fund in which the workmen in all his mills could make deposits ranging from three dollars to two thousand dollars, and have them cared for without charge for clerical service. The rate of interest was generously fixed at six per cent., though this was a point of minor importance, since the rate of interest does not begin to concern depositors until several hundred dollars have already been laid by. The Carnegie savings fund was a distinct success, and in 1898, according to Mr. N. P. Gilman's "Dividend to Labor," over a million dollars stood to the credit of employees. Meanwhile, over a half-million dollars had been lent on mortgage to employees who wished homes of their own, and thus the great corporation had done a work almost equal to that which many small manufacturers have done when they have organized building and loan associations among their employees, or have looked after the legal side of purchases of land.

There are many ways in which even the greatest corporations may help their employees to achieve industrial independence, even though the ownership of their securities by their employees is out of the question. Profit-sharing does, indeed, yield a less direct return in the case of such corporations than in that of small firms, in which the quality of each man's work is so important a factor in the aggregate output. But even in the greatest corporations a share in the profits can produce a better spirit, and produce at least a slight betterment in the general quality of labor. The ideal of a capital-and-labor union, such as the reported plan of the Steel Trust suggests, is one to be diligently cherished by all who would avoid class conflicts. There are, indeed, keen and cold revolutionists who object to laborers becoming capitalists, for fear that the ownership of property will create conservatism. There are also keen and cold reactionaries who prefer to have laborers dependent, because such laborers can least offer resistance to any treatment offered them. But to public-spiri ed men who care for the orderly bettering of social conditions, the advance of wage-earners to the position of small property owners, and their further advance into an interest in the management of the concerns they work for, are steps of incalculable importance. Only through such advances can the mass of the people get the training in the management of industrial affairs that is essential to competent management of the affairs of the Nation. More than this, only through such advances can the spirit of class conflict be avoided. America owes much of its progress in the past to the fact that there have been—apart from the curse of slavery—no caste lines and no rigid class lines. On the farms, in the stores, and in the shops men have been continually passing over from the ranks of workers to the ranks of owners, and the larger part of the people have been at once capitalists and laborers. By reason of this condition, the creation of class antagonisms has been made impossible. It is the duty of the new industrial organizations to devise methods by which they, too, may prevent the development of hostile classes.

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The Real Conquerors

Among the many admirable inscriptions which may be seen at the Pan-American Exposition is one which finds a place on a panel in the Stadium, the significance of which, for the place and for the larger arena of life, is evident at the first reading:

He who fails bravely has not truly failed, but is himself also a conqueror!

Those who assume that success means positive achievement in some visible, tangible, and generally material form fail to understand that the visible, tangible, material things are in many cases only the evidences of success, and that success lies in that which has come to the worker in his achievement. The finest element in success is its reactionary influence on

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the man who wins it; the moral and spiritual impress which it leaves on his character. As a rule, success ought to be evidenced by positive achievement; but where all must fail of positive achievement save one or two, the laurels belong to those who do not touch the goal as well as to those who lay their hands upon it. Whoever runs with the utmost energy, determination, and strength succeeds, even though his competitors are ahead of him at the end of the race; for the race does not lie simply in touching the goal first; it lies in overcoming the natural inertia of the runners; in developing fiber, muscle, and staying power; in the exacting and searching training through which they must pass before they are ready for the contest. The thoroughly trained racer succeeds before he sets his foot in the ring; whether he touch his goal or not, he is himself also a conqueror. It is impossible in this world to separate, with any certainty, the successful from the unsuccessful; so many are the things for which men contend, so various are the rewards, so confused are the issues. Hosts of men have been and are masquerading as successes who will one day, in the light of a more searching judgment of success, be revealed to themselves and to others as failures; and there have been and are hosts of men regarded by themselves and others as failures, who will one day be revealed as conquerors. This fact must bring modesty to those who make visible achievement, and consolation and hope to those who do not, for the ultimate race is not to the swift; it is to those who put forth the utmost that is in them. The final victories are not to the strong; they are to those who express in their effort all the force of their souls. Some men in failure put forth higher and greater power than others in success; as some men put forth more moral energy in unsuccessfully resisting temptation than others who resist successfully, but to whom the temptation comes with much less attractiveness and power. In the ultimate judgment there must be an adjustment between the obstacles overcome and the strength put forth; and when that judgment is made, it will be found in all departments of life that those who have failed bravely have not really failed, but are themselves also conquerors.

Individual Immortality

In some form of immortality substantially all thinkers agree; some anticipate only an immortality of influence, continuing after the individual has ceased to exist; others an immortality of the race, as the river continues although the drops which composed it last year have mingled with the sea; others an immortality in some future type, believing that in the long process of evolution man has prepared for some future unknown creation, as previous forms of life prepared for him. In "The Individual"[1] Professor Shaler gives reasons for belief in an individual immortality. We acknowledge here an indebtedness to the author. His book appears to us to be a valuable contribution to both scientific and ethical thought, but we by no means undertake to interpret his volume in a column or two; nor must our readers hold him responsible for the thoughts here expressed, although they are in large measure borrowed from him. His volume is a much larger contribution to the study of the individual than this article, which deals with only one aspect of the book, would indicate, for the book treats the subject from many points of view.

The culmination of evolution as thus far conducted is the individual man. The higher his development, the more marked is his individuality. "In the lowlier plane of thought and action, in all that relates to man as a mere intelligent animal, and in most that is evident in the mere savage, the likeness (of men to each other) is evidently near enough for all the uses of society, which is founded on these simpler features of man's nature. But as we rise to higher levels of intelligence, the effort to win sympathetic contact becomes more and more difficult, until the detachment becomes so complete that each being has perforce to dwell apart from its kind." The higher the civilization, the more marked is the individuality of its members; the greater the man, the more does he of necessity live apart. The great philosopher was to his contemporaries "the vain and chattering Aristotle;" and "the Greatest that has dwelt in this world was, to the understanding of educated

[1] *The Individual: A Study of Life and Death.* By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

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Romans, but a fanatical peasant who disturbed the peace of Jerusalem."

There is no reason why we should think that this individuality comes to an abrupt end, except that death seems like a catastrophe which destroys, and we are wont to think of life as moving on serenely to its issues without catastrophes. But the reverse is the case. So far as we are able to comprehend the effect of catastrophes, they are movements toward a larger life. Familiar illustrations are afforded of this truth by sleep, which to the first observer might well have seemed an end of life, not its sweet and blessed restorer; by the entombment of the caterpillar in the cocoon, which to a rationalizing caterpillar might well appear to be the end of his existence; by the emergence of the water-grub as a dragon-fly, a proceeding quite incomprehensible to the grub not yet ready for his emergence. Professor Shaler's scientific knowledge furnishes him with illustrations which are more apt than these familiar ones, because they are more closely related to the life of man. From the postulate that life is a series of antecedents and consequents, and that the sum total of energy in the universe is neither increased nor diminished, we are apt to jump to the conclusion that all the operations of Nature keep from step to step the same quality—"a proposition that has but to be examined in the light of the simplest facts to be disproved." If, for example, we lower the temperature of oxygen and hydrogen to a certain point, and add certain conditions, such as the action of an electric spark, the two gases combining produce a substance unlike either of its parents; and in this substance, water, there is created a new set of qualities. "It is not too much to say that in passing the critical point of temperature these two gases in an instant originated all the possibilities of what we know as life, from its beginnings to the action of the mind and hand which shapes this very phrase." Thus not only does new life emerge from sudden catastrophes, but the secret of all life is born in one. An illustration coming still nearer to man is furnished by what we know of human birth:

> If the discreet naturalist were asked how he could conceive the survival of inteiligence to be affected after the machinery by which it had apparently been engendered had disappeared, his answer might be somewhat as follows: He would first call attention to the fact that in the process of reproduction all the experience of the antecedent life is passed on from generation to generation, over what we may term a molecular bridge. Thus, in the case of man, a tiny mass of protoplasm, imponderably small, carries on from parents to child the body, the mind, all, indeed, that the predecessors in tens of thousands of specific forms and unimaginable millions of individuals have won of enduring profit from their experience. Therefore, even within the narrow limits of the known, there is evidence that the seed from which an individual intelligence may be evolved can be effectively guarded and nurtured in the keeping of an exceedingly small body of matter. In a word, the facts of generation show us that, under certain conditions, life as complicated potentially as that which passes away from the body at death may reside and be cradled in states of matter which are, as compared with the mature body, very simple. . . . Be it understood that this is not an argument to show that the spirit of man goes forth in some part of the dust of his body. The point is that the known properties of matter are so complex, and our ignorance as to the range of these properties so great, that the facts of death cannot be made a safe basis for a conclusion as to the survival of the intelligence.

Natural science cannot prove immortality. The seen can never, in the nature of the case, demonstrate the unseen; it can at best only strengthen or weaken the hypothesis otherwise formed as to the unseen. The poets and prophets, the men of spiritual vision, studying the individual from their point of view, have, with scarcely an exception, affirmed their belief that in the spirit there is a life which transcends the material organs and will survive their dissolution. Is this their judgment, which is derived from a spiritual study of the man within, approved or disapproved by the scientific students of life as seen from without? The answer which the scientist gives to this question may be epitomized thus: The end of evolution, so far as science can perceive its end, is the individual man; the higher the man is developed the more marked is his individuality; the only reason for thinking that this individuality comes to an end is the catastrophe which we call death; but the study of phenomena justifies the conclusion that such apparent catastrophes are oftenest, if not always, the precursors of and preparation for a higher life; and the catastrophe at the other end of the individual's terrestrial existence demon-

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strates that what we call life, including mental and moral qualities, is so far independent of bodily organs that it passes over from precedent individuals to the new individual in a "tiny mass of protoplasm imponderably small." Death, thus interpreted by its scientific analogues, points rather to a new and larger life of the individual than to either his destruction or his absorption into the Infinite. The naturalist confirms the poet in giving an affirmative answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

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The Spectator

"Yes, sir!" The Spectator was startled; the assurance was emphatically repeated, as though the speaker had been contradicted and felt in honor bound to sustain his position. He was a conductor on a trolley-car, and was standing on the step of the car at the Spectator's elbow. "Yes, sir. It's the finest company in the country, and the squarest." It simply staggered the Spectator. Here he was in a city rent asunder by an impending strike. Bitter feeling, only thinly veiled, was evident whether one was conversing with Capital or Labor. The daily papers had columns of news one day, which they contradicted the next, as to the position of the two giants who were about to measure their strength. The impending strike threatened stagnation to business throughout the country. But the Spectator was listening to Labor defending Capital—Capital that had been characterized as an octopus—a street railway. "Yes, sir," accompanied by an emphatic nod, "there ain't any better men in the country than the two men who own this line. Yes, sir, that's the company, two brothers. Square, sir, square, and don't you forget it." Here he passed rapidly along the step, and the Spectator was left to grasp, if he could, the thought of a surface road in a city so managed as to call out the enthusiasm of its employees. The car ran smoothly over the rails, no jarring or jolting. It was approaching a new, commodious brick building, two stories high and rather impressive in its simple lines, when a voice said eagerly at the Spectator's elbow, "Just take a look at the stable when we stop. Finest stables in the country. We have a reading-room, and a dining-room where we can take our lunches or warm our dinners if we bring them in on the run. There are dishes and hot water, and a chance to heat coffee, and a good woman, good as gold, like a mother to some of us, to keep the things clean and the room looking right. Yes, sir, the company is strict about that. You never know when one of them will walk in. They attends to business and expects every one else to attend to business. Then we have thirty-two shower-baths, and we're expected to use them. The reading-room has all the daily papers—New York and Chicago papers and one Boston paper, the best weeklies and all the magazines, and about four hundred books. Then there is a room with good couches and pillows. You can rest when your runs keep you late. There ain't no standing round at our stable doors in the rain, or the cold, or when it's hot. Do you see there ain't a liquor-store nearer than two blocks? The company bought the house on the corner when one started there, and turned the whole place into flats. You wait till you see the stable of the road I'm going to transfer you to. It's a bum place now, I tell you. A lot of men wandering round most of the time wiping their mouths with the back of their hands; no chairs, no newspapers, nothing. Oh, yes, we have a smoking-room with papers down at the back there. Bells ring that call the men who are to go out, so you just sit and read or smoke, or eat your lunch, knowing the signal will warn you in time.

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"Oh, certainly, we're organized," he continued. "That bum road I told you about, they won't have a union man on the road. Yes, we've been organized three years on this road. Never had any trouble, sir, and don't believe we ever will, if both sides stays square. When we want a change made, a committee goes to the company and states just what we want. Neither side gets mad, but we talk it out squarely. Sometimes we're wrong, and they shows us we're wrong. Sometimes the company shows us we must wait for what we want. The road is new. Yes, we're organized, and we got the company on our side. They knew all about it, and gave us some mighty sound

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ideas—mighty sound. Now, we don't have drinking men in our organization. If a man comes on and gets drunk or boozy on the road, we tells him that it's got to stop. Then the second time it happens we ask the company to discharge him. We kicked, some of us, against that; it was the company's idea, but it's the best we've got. We got the cream of the railroad men on this road. Why, a man can get a job anywhere who has worked on this road. Then we don't have any men on the road who do not use their wives well. The company suggested that, and that was another kick, but they knew. It's the bum fellows who don't be good to their wives. When it leaks out about a new man, we goes, the committee, after we know it's true, and we tells the company. The man is laid off, and he knows why, and he knows it ain't no use to come to the union, 'cause we're at the bottom of it, and he joined knowing what would happen. Then we got a benefit association, and the treasurer of the company is our treasurer. Just as good as Government bonds, them little fifteen cents a week, and they come in well when you're sick.

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"No, sir, you can't have such an organization as ours without the company's back of you. They have settled trouble often between the men, and when we get all in a muddle over things we talk it out with the president, and he gives us points. But he won't decide; he won't say which side is right; he only makes each side see where it is weak or strong. The company like married men, and they like the men to own their houses. I got a little house back here—paid for it before I was married. There ain't much in it. I just got the house. I've been married five months, and I'm the happiest man in ——." The car had entered the suburbs of the city, and the conductor was devoted to business. He forgot the Spectator. Women and children were helped off and on. A basket was placed on the sidewalk for an old man. The fares were collected with a nod and smile, and the bell rang pleasantly as the fares were registered. The car ran merrily, and stopped and started without a jolt. The motorman looked over his shoulder when passengers got on or off. At least in this one instance the pleasant relations between the lion and the lamb—and the Spectator would feel it hazardous to characterize the giants more definitely—added to the gayety of the traveling public, and the Spectator was a grateful and liberal patron of the road for several days.

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The Spectator stepped on a trolley, and ran along the step to take his favorite place behind the motorman, only to discover, comfortably seated in his special corner, a woman. She was so deeply interested in what the motorman was saying that she was not conscious of the new passenger; neither was he. "Yes'm," continued the motorman, "I runs the car careful, 'count of my mother." Why, the man was fifty, if a day! "She rides with me considerable, and she do hate jolting, so that I just fairly trembles when she is on. Sometimes when I comes round a corner, and the car swings and makes her go sideways, she looks so unhappy that I just feel miserable. Yes'm, when I come on the road first I did not think about anything but gettin' in me run, and not having accidents. Mother went with me that first week on my regular car. She got on at the stables. I saw her look at the car floor and up at the signs, and at me and at the conductor. I put her just where you are. Gee whiz! how that car went when we got out a bit! I was just showing off. I didn't know it, but"—an expression of self-disdain spread over his big face—"I was. I looked around at mother, and she was sitting holding on with both hands, and her eyes round and big. Law! how I slowed down! Mother never liked a fuss, so I said nothin', but watched her out of the corner of my eye. There wasn't any more showing off that trip. When I got home that night, I said, 'Now, mother, yer might just as well go with me every day while these fine days last.' She didn't say anything, so I knowed she had somethin' on her mind. She went about getting supper. After a time she said, 'How often do yer scrub the floors of the cars?' 'They're swept, mother.' 'Well, it must be a man.'" Here the motorman chuckled, choked, and looked around with the pride of a father repeating the precocious remark of

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his firstborn. "The next day I asked her to go on my last afternoon trip, but she wouldn't go. It took me four weeks to find out, when she said: 'Jakie, yer runs that car so careless that I'm afraid as death. Not for me, Jakie, but fer yourself. I didn't say nothin', but I was bruised and sore for days, and I'm worried all the time.' My land! but that opened my eyes. That afternoon I began. I ran that car as if kittens were crossing the track. She didn't bump once. I bet yer yer could have carried a glass of milk and not spilled a drop. I kept it up. Every little while I looked over my shoulder; everybody looked comfortable and happy. Then I insisted on mother's takin' a ride. You should have seen her when I helped her off. Her cheeks were pink as a girl's and her eyes shinier. 'Jakie, I wouldn't have believed I could have such a good time.' No more coaxing; she's ready to go any time"—here a shade passed over the red, round face as, with a complete change of voice, he added, "when she's well enough."

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The Spectator was stepping through the door of a trolley-car a few months before, when he was thrown violently against the door-frame. He sank into a corner seat in a state of mind that did not make for peace. The conductor, a small man, stepped in to take the fare, when the car gave a lurch that caused him to put his foot down on the Spectator's newly polished boot. "Why do you have such a man as that to run a car!" demanded the Spectator as though the little man were the president of the road. "I wouldn't, sir, I wouldn't. He ain't fit. He ain't a man at all, sir. Why, there ain't one of us but feel the Evil One has us in his grip when we're put on with that fellow. What do you think I have to do, sir, after a day's run with him? I buy a bottle of arnica and has to rub myself from head to foot. I'm black and blue. The passengers gets off, sir, but we have to stay on all day. It's hard on them, but think of us. No, sir! he ain't fit to run a goat-cart; but he never damages anything but the passengers, and they only kicks the conductors." The man went out of the door. A few moments afterwards he put his head in and said politely: "It would do more good if they would kick the president."

❀

The car had started from the terminus with about half a dozen passengers, one a man of peculiar dignity of bearing, who put a box, somewhat larger than a shoe-box, down on the seat beside him, evidently hampered by the necessity of caring for it. Three or four blocks further on a man got into the car, seating himself directly behind the man with the box. The last passenger the Spectator read at once. He was the type of man who is always in a rush, always just on the verge of a great success, imbuing his family with such faith in his powers that every failure is to them, as to him, but the forerunner of success. Presently he leaned forward, touched the owner of the box on the shoulder, saying, "Will you let me have the stamps on that box? They're just what I want. I wouldn't be able to get them in the ordinary run of my business, and I do want them," he added, as wistfully as a small boy. The owner of the box took out his knife and cut the stamps and postmark out of the paper, handing them to the man behind him. The joy of the receiver infected the giver, and the two men beamed in each other's faces. The man who received the stamps took a card from his pocket and handed it to the man before him, saying, "That's my card. If ever I can do anything for you, call on me. I might be able to, and it would be a pleasure." The card was received, put in a beautiful leather wallet, and the man of the box tipped his hat as he returned to his newspaper. Behind, with radiant face, sat the man with the stamps, examining them with the intensest enjoyment. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I've gone a mile out of my way!" and rushed from the car. On the floor lay the stamps, to be discovered when the car had gone several blocks. Attainment had again slipped through this passenger's fingers. The man with the box saw the stamps. An expression of dismay passed over his face, followed by relief as he picked up the stamps, opened his wallet and carefully placed them beside the man's card. The Spectator felt as though a disaster had been averted.

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Some Filipino Characteristics

By Anna Northend Benjamin

AS an unrecognized penalty of our great business success, and the self-centered absorption which it has entailed, we Americans find it difficult to see from the standpoint of other peoples, or to appreciate standards of civilization different from our own. We are the most potently aggressive nation of the West; it follows, therefore, that the essence of our institutions is most obviously out of sympathy with the somnolent, contemplative spirit of the East. Yet our political puzzles in the Philippines, and the industrial and social problems which are to come, have but one key: a comprehension of the native character. Again, the key to that comprehension lies in sympathetic study; without it we shall not gain this essential knowledge.

Here, then, is the new, sacred duty of the American citizen, an obligation under which his very patriotism lays him. Instinctively realizing this when I went to the Philippines, I lived among natives and Spaniards during my half year's stay there, and strove, as far as possible, to view the world with Filipino eyes.

A priest who labored half his life in the Philippine colony left a little monograph on the native character. He says "that the native is an incomprehensible phenomenon, the mainspring of whose line of thought and the guiding motive of whose actions have never yet been, and perhaps never will be, discovered." So speaks the West of the East; but the time has come when such an attitude of mind should be obsolete. Still, I do not believe that any one person, no matter what his qualifications, can successfully fathom the Filipino character, unless he does so at a time when he can gather the consensus of the opinion of many people through many years. It is a task to be undertaken with much humility.

I know of no part of the earth where the traveler is not apt to find meted out to him with interest the sort of treatment which he bestows upon the people whom he encounters. He who returns home with nothing but ill in his mouth of the native populations that he has visited is himself largely to blame. While I believe this law to hold good in the Philippines, one point must be clearly recognized and held in mind when drawing inferences of native character—that the people are already deeply prejudiced against us; the depth of this prejudice few Americans in the islands have realized. The effect produced has been the bristling towards us—like the quills of a porcupine—of the natives' bad qualities. This fact would seem to be borne out by the enthusiastically favorable portrayal of Filipino character by L. R. Sargent, U.S.N., who traveled through the provinces before this prejudice had assumed great dimensions.

Let the American also remember that he goes to the Filipino out of a great world, a complex sphere of action, of which the "little brown man" is ignorant. We are inspired by the knowledge of a thousand things of which he has no cognizance. Ours is a breathless, bustling world; that of the Filipino is often bounded by the limits of his "barrio," its chief elements the long street of a sleepy, palm-shaded village of brown huts, built from the nucleus of red-tiled "convento" and church which typify to him the acme of advancement and civilization.

In dealing with the characteristics of an alien race in a short article a writer can only emphasize a few points with which he is impressed. The complex and diverse character of the Filipinos makes such a task far more difficult, and it is possible to speak in general only of those—about five millions—who have become somewhat civilized by contact with the Spaniards, and with most direct reference to the middle class, the average native, rather than to the minority of highly educated people, or to the other extreme, those who are merely emerging from barbarism. It is necessary, further, to exclude the picturesque "Moros," the Mohammedans of the southern islands; they have little in common with the Tagal and Visayan.

Speaking in the broadest possible sense, every human being has a few characteristics common to every other human

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being. To a greater extent the people of the East and the people of the West have similar traits. Narrowed down to races, we find still more. An experienced traveler should more clearly understand all humanity than the person who stays at home; and he who visits other Eastern countries certainly finds himself better qualified to comprehend the Filipinos; it will be seen that they possess some of their most salient characteristics in common with other Orientals. As an example, we may mention, as most obvious of all, the inertia of the East, as opposed to the aggressiveness of the West. It is exemplified by the Oriental's tremendous resistance under a compliant exterior. The strength of this absolutely negative resistance often overcomes, more often wears out, the positive, open force of the Anglo-Saxon. We may use the homely simile of a rubber ball: press it and it yields; remove the pressure and it resumes its former shape precisely. This is the most potent and significant feature of Eastern character; it is the snag on which the American in the islands comes to grief. He does not understand what he "is up against."

The *muchacho* (boy servant) of the officer, with seeming acquiescence, takes polite note of all his master's instructions as to what he shall do and how he shall do it; but as soon as the officer's back is turned he proceeds to carry out his own previously formed ideas as to the extent of his duties and the manner of performing the same.

A general's wife whom I knew spent a great deal of time and energy in the attempt to make her native laundress wash and iron the clothes according to Yankee precedent. The Filipino method consists in beating each article of clothing on stones in the nearest stream (or ditch), sometimes using soap which has a clinging odor of ham. If done in the house, a flat wooden basin is used on the floor, and the washer squats beside it. My friend imported, with great trouble and much satisfaction, an American wash-tub and scrubbing-board; after several weeks of zealous instruction her laundress had reached the point where she consented to perch, monkey-like, on the bench beside the tub and slowly seesaw the clothes up and down; the family wash dragged out through the week, and the reform was finally abandoned. This is how the little people in the Philippines are apt to get ahead of the big, aggressive, impatient Americans.

The sooner we begin to understand this side of native character, the better. Such cases are not hopeless, on account of the underlying intelligence of the native. It is essential first of all to form some conception of how the people think and feel. To change their habits they must slowly and thoroughly understand why; and confidence in us, not prejudice against us, is the first essential. It is just as possible for a new and better way of doing and thinking to become an accepted fact as the old; but superior force alone will not do it. "The Philippine native is often more easily led than driven," says Mr. Dean C. Worcester; but it is hard even to lead him.

In the great establishment in which I lived (a Roman Catholic convent) there was detailed to my service a native servant, a *muchacha*, who came to be, in my eyes, the embodiment of the best in the middle-class Filipino. She was faithful and devoted to an extent rarely found in a servitor, very sensitive, always gentle and tender, self-conscious and eager for praise, willing to make great sacrifices for anybody that she loved, implacable in her dislikes, honest in material matters but lacking in an appreciation of the moral quality of truth, inquisitive to a fault, and opposing to any contrary force which was not intelligible to her that inanimate, rubber-like obstinacy. It was a struggle to make Matea abandon any of her traditions of service; but her intelligence was above the average, and, once convinced that my way was really the best, the innovation became sacred in her eyes, and she took great pride in it; still, I was always feeling the strain of her will against mine. I came to believe that this negative resistance that the Filipino offers because he is an Oriental is much augmented by an inherent strength of character which some Eastern races lack, while still others—like the Chinese—have to a greater extent.

While Matea, though industrious, accomplished in a day about one-third as much as an American servant, compared with the average Filipino her character

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was quite ideal. She was acknowledged in the convent to be a trustworthy woman, whereas the usual attitude toward the native servant is that of perennial distrust. In order to keep one's possessions intact in the Philippines it is necessary to act as if every native was a thief—though this is very far from being the case. I do not mean that this should apply to the treatment of natives, but to the taking of precautions. The people in the convent, including my own servant, taught me this. Matea was horror-struck if I went a little way down the hall without locking my door. Mr. John Foreman, who ranks among the highest of Philippine authorities, says: "A native will serve a master satisfactorily for years, and then suddenly abscond, or commit some such hideous crime as conniving with a brigand band to murder the family and pillage the house." I am glad to think that these extreme cases of the cropping out of Malay treachery are rare; but such things have happened, and may happen again. Hardly a day passed while I was in the Philippines that I did not hear of some minor lapse from the narrow path of honesty on the part of native servants. Now it would be the disappearance of loose change carelessly left in a blouse pocket, now of a small article of jewelry from an officer's wife. Dismissal rarely followed, for the chances were that the next muchacho would betray the same weakness. Once in a while some seemingly faithful servant would disappear with more substantial spoils. As a rule, the pilfering is cunningly done, and it must be admitted that the manner indicates a preconceived intention rather than the giving way to sudden temptation and impulse like the American negro.

On the other hand, it is possible to cite instances of unexpected honesty. At the time of the insurgent outbreak in Manila in February, 1899, many American families had given out their wash to natives. Most of these clothes were never seen again. One family, however, had a happier experience; they had intrusted their laundry to an honest soul who dwelt in Cavite. When the uprising took place, he gathered up the clothes and fled in terror to the country. In the course of several months he felt reassured, and ventured to return to his home, where he finished his interrupted labors on the clothes, and then carried them back to the American family, who were overcome with astonishment.

There are hundreds of incidents to be cited of unexpected acts of native servants, involving all degrees of deceit. The *cochero* of one of the war correspondents was outwardly the embodiment of discretion and dignity, with the rare accomplishment of being a good driver. Often did the war correspondent boast of this paragon of virtue who squatted on the front seat of his carromata, and, in an outburst of generosity, he bought him an entire new outfit of clothes, including shoes. Immediately after this he was obliged to go out to the front for a few days, leaving his cochero in charge of his horses and outfit; thereupon the ungrateful native deserted his trust, and, for some reason best known to himself, probably because of a desire for a little change, entered the service of an army officer.

An officer's wife had in her service a most intelligent house boy named Pedro. Pedro was another paragon, apparently honest and faithful, and unobtrusive in the performance of his duties. He confessed to having an *esposa* (wife) in a distant part of the city. She kept a tobacco-stand. His kind mistress gave him many hours off to visit this esposa. Finally, with Pedro's help, she secured the services of another servant, a girl; and now Pedro's absences to visit his esposa were more frequent and of longer duration. In the course of months his mistress found out in a roundabout way that this wife was none other than the girl whom Pedro had so kindly "found" for her to take into her service.

The Filipino cochero is the bane of the American's life in Manila. It is unusual for him to show any anxiety to secure a fare. This lack of business enterprise and indifference to his own interests on the part of the pure native is in sharp contrast to the extraordinary push and unfailing industry of the Chinese coolie and half-caste, or "mestizo-Chino," as the latter is called. At noon the cochero prefers to curl up inside his *quilez* (two-wheeled cart with a cover) for the siesta, rather than take troublesome fares about the city. Again, he will often drive past a hailing pedestrian with a look of scowling refusal on his face.

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Sometimes he has a reason for it, sometimes it is merely a reluctance to exert himself; in his mind the matter ends there, and the American who thinks otherwise encounters a sullen resistance which he can rarely overcome except by threats. If the cochero is finally coerced into driving a fare against his will, he does it sulkily and with intermittent spasms of revolt.

In his manner of driving, the Filipino betrays certain characteristics. A person who has been driven over the Bridge of Spain and along the "Escolta" in a quilez will never forget the experience. It is an unwritten law of the Philippine road that no individual has any right to be regarded except that of might. The only place on the crowded thoroughfare to which a driver is entitled is the place which he wins for himself by plunging his steed, snorting under the lash, into the horrible confusion of carabao teams, army wagons, native quilezes, carromatas, and calesas jammed together in a seething mass, out of the indistinct parts of which come the angry cries and imprecations of the cocheros. There is clashing of shafts, the sound of ripping wood, a scraping of wheels, and the unfortunate fare is thrown helplessly from one side to the other of the rattling carriage, fearful that at each fresh impact it will fall apart in splinters. The cochero, however, is absolutely indifferent to any injury received by his vehicle short of having a wheel lopped off—in which case he is obliged to stop! And when he has extricated himself, or, rather, strenuously bored a way through the surging, swearing throng, his threats die on his lips, his wrathful scowl fades, and he resumes his usual philosophic calm. But the observant fare has learned two things which will afterward be borne out by many such experiences: that the native is, in spite of his outward appearance of inert lethargy, often aroused to excitement and anger, and that he shows an absolute disregard of the rights of others—an entire lack of that public spirit which is the foundation-stone of citizenship.

It is also a fact not to be denied that the cochero is cruel in the treatment of his horse. Here again is a lack of consideration. The poor little creature may be thin and weak, with each rib much in evidence, yet the driver will lash his quivering sides until the fare interposes. The cochero will stop for the time, yes; but he will repeat the process with interest when he is rid of his foolish passenger. It probably rarely occurs to the native that his horse or his carabao may suffer physical pain in the same way that he does. Tell him this, and he will grin in acquiescence, show his poor little caballo much deference while you are in sight, and give him a good lick as soon as he is around the corner. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals formed in Manila among Americans, and the strict imposition of fines for this sort of cruelty, were having a noticeable effect when I left Manila. The native generally needs something more than "words, words, words" to enforce a new idea. Concerning the graver charge of wanton cruelty to his fellow-man, those who have lived in the Philippines during the campaign are obliged to admit that the native acts very often with little regard to his Christian training. I myself have seen indisputable evidence of the torture of American prisoners, and their mutilation after death; but the more enlightened Filipinos are opposed to such acts, and it is due to their constantly restraining efforts that more atrocities have not been perpetrated. The intelligent leaders have done their best to impose upon their men the understanding of the rules of civilized warfare.

It is never safe to leave any article of value in a hired carriage while you go into a store, or stop to make a call. Long is the list of cameras, umbrellas, wraps, and parcels of all kinds with which the cochero has "vamoosed" during the temporary absence of his fare. This is in sharp contrast to the jinrikisha man of Japan, with whom one can leave anything with perfect safety.

Finally, no matter how friendly you may get with your cochero during an hour or more of his company, and no matter how fondly you may imagine that nothing could possibly happen to mar the perfection of your friendship, there will be a sudden rupture of such relations when it comes to the question of fare. Somewhere about his thinly clad person he will have a printed tariff of what he can legally charge—and the charge is ample; he knows exactly what it says and so do you,

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but it is generally necessary to make him produce it, reluctantly, from some unexpected place. At that juncture he will turn into a very Judas, and betray you on the question of time, though you may have flourished your watch in his face when you engaged him. After a while it will be realized that this is the usual formality, and that once in a while, when he gets hold of an irresolute passenger, he can make something out of it.

With all his shortcomings, I think that I prefer these little Filipino cocheros to the European or American Jehu, with his generally brazen and more terrifying effrontery.

It has been said that the Manila native does not represent the real native. I would say to those who lay too much stress upon this difference that the Manila native is the type of what every Tagal becomes, given certain associations and environment; just as in every Gaul there lurks the latent Parisian. In like manner we may say that the inhabitant of the city of Cebu differs from the native who lives in the country of that island, and that the urban population of Iloilo is different from the suburban Visayans. Manila is far larger, of course, and more cosmopolitan, and here, as in other great cities, people become sophisticated and learn the devious ways of large communities; but when I traveled in the country there was nothing to show me that there was any fundamental difference.

Like everybody who undertakes the task of explaining Filipino characteristics, I have already made statements in seeming contradiction. I have intimated that the native is more easily led than driven, and also that in dealing with his iniquities something more than mere verbal expostulation is necessary. I would say that where principle is involved it is impossible to be too firm with the Philippine native; but one must be at the same time absolutely just, and every effort should be made to enlighten the native as to the reason of his punishment. I do not think that the native is inclined to resent a punishment which he has been made to feel is just; but the administration of justice should be reserved as far as possible for the equable court of law. This brings us to the question of corporal punishment. In the Spanish days a stealing muchacho, or one who had committed some other gross misdemeanor, was generally beaten by his master. There are Americans in the islands who think that that is still the most efficacious method. In whipping a native you are speaking to him in terms which he can understand, and which have the sanction of precedent. Since the punishment is apparently the most effective, it is often the most tempting to the outraged master; but it is not the method of enlightenment, and brings demoralization in its train. In eschewing it we find the native laughing at us in his sleeve for our weakness, and we have a certain sympathy for the impulsive action of the American girl who finally slapped her mother's cochero in the face because he had learned some English swear-words and persisted in repeating them every few minutes. Verbal commands had been of no avail, but after the slap the man desisted. The Filipino will learn in the course of time that our self-control and clemency are rather the indications of moral strength than the signs of weakness.

The student of character who attends a native funeral finds himself confounded afresh. He will see a little gathering of natives in neat black and white, a mother in the throes of uncontrolled grief, the others whimpering somewhat in sympathy, until the little coffin is walled up, when the cries of sorrow cease and the party turns away, chatting with some indifference; a few minutes later, as they pass out of the cemetery gate, every tear is dry. How reconcile the sincere but brief and easily assuaged grief with the tenacity of the insurgent for his cause, of the laundress for her stones in the brook, with the stubborn clinging to custom, in fact, and the implacable memory of wrong which begets the lust for revenge? I should attempt to solve the problem by saying that the native—so often termed a child—really combines a certain childish simplicity, due to his lack of development, with natural cunning and with the tenacity—so closely allied to his inert and negative resistance—and the philosophy smacking of fatalism which are distinct Oriental traits. Let it clearly be seen that a disaster is absolutely inevitable, and the native's resistance immediately ceases and he displays such a philosophic resignation and

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indifference as would put a Stoic to shame. When an Anglo-Saxon would kick against immutable fate, the Filipino conserves his energy in submission.

In the long run these qualities in the Filipino may help to uphold the course of the American Government. It is by the gradual realization of the absolute hopelessness of resistance that the Filipinos, whose opposition is almost entirely due to the misunderstanding of the Americans and the prejudice willfully aroused by the spread of false reports, will submit themselves to the United States, for they will recognize that such a course is inevitable. They are beginning to realize it now. I emphatically believe that the Filipinos are not a people who would go on sacrificing their lives for a cause which they knew to be hopeless; the length and strength of the insurrection is the surest proof of the extent to which the people have been misled by their leaders, most of whom have been willing to deceive themselves. So soon as the prejudice in the minds of the masses is overcome, we shall have more than submission, we shall have a willing co-operation, provided we have sown no crop of injustice. We find such conditions on the island of Negros, where prejudice has been long overcome and mutual confidence prevails.

I have not attempted to make a complete catalogue of the Filipino's bad qualities, nor can I do the same with his virtues. They are inextricably mixed together. If certain Americans who have never visited the Philippine Islands have erred in over-idealizing him, it does not follow that those who disagree with them fail to find an ideal side to the Filipino's character. His comparative modesty and cleanliness, combined with an innate dignity of bearing, win for him a certain respect. In hospitality he outdoes almost any people; Mr. Worcester, who has traveled enough through the archipelago to know, says: "The Philippine native seems always ready to kill his last fowl for a stranger, or share with him his last bowl of rice." This quality seems consistent with a certain good nature and kindness of heart which, shown in individual cases, offsets the lack of public spirit; but the Filipino is apt to reserve these gentle qualities for those who elicit them by kind and courteous behavior. Many times have I seen the statement that the Filipino is an abject coward. By nature he shrinks from an open display of force. He would rather stick a man in the back than engage in an open fight; but he can, and has, fought desperately hand to hand. Unless led by officers of superior courage, he is easily driven back; he temporarily submits to the pressure, but he is very apt to "bob up serenely" again the next day. He takes to the peculiar tactics of guerrilla warfare as a duck to water.

The question as to whether he will be a laboring force to be relied upon hangs on his real capacity for industry, and will be answered when he is given a fairer trial under such healthy conditions as will incite his ambition. The question of his morality—which I do not feel is a terrible one—of his mixture of real piety and superstition, and of his inherent love of gambling, I must pass over, and only stop to commend his love for his children and his good treatment of his wife, who is a fairly lovable member of her sex. Perhaps the people pour all their potential idealism into their passionate love of music, for which they have a great natural gift, and which of itself lifts them out of the realm of the commonplace.

What I have said in general of the Filipino applies only fundamentally to some Filipinos whom I know, and whose homes I have visited; but from the small minority of well-educated, cultured Filipinos whom they represent, we may judge of what the native may become if he is given the advantages which he is really eager to have; we may learn of the good qualities, the seeds of promising traits and possibilities, which are latent in him.

If we are to govern the Philippines, it is our duty to develop this latent good in the Filipino character by sympathetic, just, and firm treatment, and by providing practical education. In the Filipino "pickaninnies" lies the promise of the future. They are responsive and quick to learn, these little brown boys and girls; and we are justified in a great hope for the Filipino race if it is bred in a kindly atmosphere of sincerity, progress, and plain speaking.

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XI.—The Wake

THE Wake was an important feature in the social life of the people of Indian Lands. In ancient days, in the land of their forefathers, the Wake had been deemed a dire necessity for the safeguarding of the dead, who were supposed to be peculiarly exposed to the malicious attacks of evil spirits. Hence, with many lighted candles and with much incantation, friends would surround the body through the perilous hours of darkness. It was a weird and weary vigil, and small wonder if it appeared necessary that the courage and endurance of the watchers should be fortified with copious draughts of "mountain dew," with bread and cheese accompaniments. And the completeness of their trust in the efficacy of such supports was too often evidenced by the condition of the watchers toward the dawn of the morning. And, indeed, if the spirits were not too fastidious, and if they had so desired, they could have easily flown away, not only with the "waked," but with the "wakers" as well.

But those days and those notions had long passed away. The Wake still remained, but its meaning and purpose had changed. No longer for the guarding of the dead, but for the comfort of the living, the friends gathered to the house of mourning and watched the weary hours. But Highland courtesy forbade that the custom of refreshing the watchers should be allowed to die out, and hence, through the night, once and again, the whisky, bread, and cheese were handed around by some close friend of the family, and were then placed upon the table for general use. It was not surprising that, where all were free to come and welcome to stay, and where anything like scantiness in providing or niggardliness in serving would be a matter of family disgrace, the Wake often degenerated into a frolic, if not a debauch. In order to check any such tendency, it had been the custom of late years to introduce religious services, begun by the minister himself and continued by the elders.

As the evening fell, a group of elders stood by the back door of Long John Cameron's sorrow-stricken home, talking quietly over the sad event and arranging for the "exercises" of the night. At a little distance from them sat Yankee, with Ranald beside him, both silent and listening somewhat indifferently to the talk of the others. Yankee was not in his element. He was always welcome in the homes of his comrades, for he was ready with his tongue and clever with his fingers, but with the graver and religious side of their lives he had little in common. It was, perhaps, this feeling that drew him toward Macdonald Dhu and Ranald, so that for weeks at a time he would make their house his home. He had "no use for wakes," as he said himself, and had it not been that it was one of the gang that lay dead within, Yankee would have avoided the house until all was over and the elders safely away.

Of the elders, only four were present as yet: Donald Ross, who was ever ready to bring the light of his kindly face to cheer the hearts of the mourners; Straight Rory, who never, by any chance, allowed himself to miss the solemn joy of leading the funeral psalm; Peter McRae, who carried behind his stern old face a heart of genuine sympathy; and Kenny Crubach, to whom attendance at funerals was at once a duty and a horror.

Donald Ross, to whom all the elders accorded instinctively the place of leader,

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was arranging the order of "the exercises."

"Mr. McCusig," he said to Straight Rory, "you will take charge of the singing. The rest of us will in turn give out a psalm and read a portion of Scripture with a few suitable remarks, and lead in prayer. We will not be forgetting, brethren," said old Donald, "that there will be sore hearts here this night."

Straight Rory's answer was a sigh so woeful and so deep that Yankee looked over at him and remarked in an undertone to Ranald, "He ain't so cheerful as he might be. He must feel awful inside."

"It is a sad and terrible day for the Camerons," said Peter McRae.

"Aye, it is sad indeed," replied Donald Ross. "He was a good son and they will be missing him bad. It is a great loss."

"Yes, the loss is great," said Peter, grimly. "But, after all, that is a small thing."

Straight Rory sighed again even more deeply than before. Donald Ross said nothing.

"What does the old duck mean, anyhow?" said Yankee to Ranald. The boy made no reply. His heart was sick with horror at Peter's meaning, which he understood only too well.

"Aye," went on Peter, "it is a terrible mysterious providence, and a heavy warning to the ungodly and careless."

"He means me, I guess," remarked Yankee to Ranald.

"It will perhaps be not amiss to any of us," said Kenny Crubach, sharply.

"Indeed, that is true," said Donald Ross in a very humble voice.

"Yes, Mr. Ross," said Peter, ignoring Kenny Crubach, "but at times the voice of Providence cannot be misunderstood, and it will not do for the elders of the church to be speaking soft things when the Lord is speaking in judgment and wrath."

Donald was silent, while Straight Rory assented with a heartrending "Aye, aye," which stirred Yankee's bile again.

"What's he talkin' about? He don't seem to be usin' my language," he said, in a tone of wrathful perplexity. Ranald was too miserable to answer, but Kenny was ready with his word.

"Judgment and wrath?" he echoed quickly. "The man would require to be very skillful whatever in interpreting the ways of Providence, and very bold to put such a meaning into the death of a young man such as Malcolm yonder." The little man's voice was vibrating with feeling.

Then Yankee began to understand. "I'll be gol-blamed to a cinder!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, falling back upon a combination that seemed more suitable to the circumstances. "They ain't sendin' him to hell, are they?" He shut up with a sharp snap the knife with which he had been whittling, and, rising to his feet, walked slowly over to the group of elders.

"Far be it from me to judge what is not to be seen," said Peter. "But we are allowed and commanded to discern the state of the heart by the fruits."

"Fruits?" replied Kenny, quickly. "He was a good son and brother and friend; he was honest and clean, and he gave his life for another at the last."

"Exactly so," said Peter. "I am not denying much natural goodness, for indeed he was a fine lad, but I will be looking for the evidence that he was in a state of grace. I have not heard of any, and glad would I be to hear it."

The old man's emotion took the sharpness out of Kenny's speech, but he persisted, stoutly, "Goodness is goodness, Mr. McRae, for all that."

"You will not be holding the Armeenian doctrine of works, Mr. Campbell?" said Peter, severely. "You would not be pointing to good works as a ground of salvation?"

Yankee, who had been following the conversation intently, thought he saw meaning in it at last.

"If I might take a hand," he said, diffidently, "I might contribute somethin' to help you out."

Peter regarded him a little impatiently. He had forgotten the concrete, for the moment, in the abstract, and was donning his armor for a battle with Kenny upon the "fundamentals." Hence he was not too well pleased with Yankee's interruption. But Donald Ross gladly welcomed the diversion. The subject was to him extremely painful.

"We will be glad," he said to Yankee, "to hear you, Mr. Latham."

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"Well," said Yankee, slowly, "from your remarks I gathered that you wanted information about the doings of—" he jerked his head toward the house behind him. "Now, I want to say," he continued, confidentially, "you've come to the right shop, for I've ate and slept, I've worked and fought, I've lived with him by day and by night, and right through he was the straightest, whitest man I ever seen, and I won't except the boss himself." Yankee paused to consider the effect of this statement, and to allow its full weight to be appreciated; and then he continued:

"Yes, sir, you may just bet your—you may be right well sure," correcting himself, "that you're safe in givin'"—here he dropped his voice and jerked his head toward the house again—"in givin' the highest marks, full value, and no discount. Why," he went on, with an enthusiasm rare in him, "ask any man in the gang, any man on the river, if they ever seen or heard of his doin' a mean or crooked thing, and if you find any feller who says he did, bring him here, and, by"—Yankee remembered himself in time—"and I give you my solemn word that I'll eat him, hat and boots." Yankee brought his bony fist down with a whack into his hand. Then he relapsed into his lazy drawl again:

"No, siree, hoss! If it's doin's you're after, don't you be slow in bankin' your little heap on *his* doin's."

Donald Ross grasped Yankee's hand and shook it hard. "I will be thanking you for that word," he said, earnestly.

But Peter felt that the cause of truth demanded that he should speak out. "Mr. Latham," he said, solemnly, "what you have been saying is very true, no doubt, but if a man is not 'born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' These are the words of the Lord himself."

"Born again!" said Yankee. "How? I don't seem to get you. But I guess the feller that does the right thing all round has got a purty good chance."

"It is not a man's deeds, we are told," said Peter, patiently, "but his heart."

"There you are," said Yankee, warmly, "right again, and that's what I always hold to. It's the heart a man carries round in his inside. Never mind your talk, never mind your actin' up for people to see. Give me the heart that is warm and red, and beats proper time, you bet. Say! you're all right." Yankee gazed admiringly at the perplexed and hopeless Peter.

"I am afraid you are not remembering what the Apostle Paul said, Mr. Latham," said Peter, determined to deal faithfully with Yankee. "'By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.'"

It was now Yankee's turn to gaze helplessly at Peter. "I guess you have dropped me again," he said slowly.

"Man," said Peter, with a touch of severity, "you will need to be more faithful with the Word of God. The Scriptures plainly declare, Mr. Latham, that it is impossible for a man to be saved in his natural state."

Yankee looked blank at this.

"The prophet says that the plowing and sowing, the very prayers, of the wicked, are an abomination to the Lord."

"Why, now you're talkin', but look here." Yankee lowered his tone. "Look here, you wouldn't go for to call"—here again he jerked his head towards the house—"wicked, would you? Fur if you do, why, there ain't any more conversation between you and me."

Yankee was terribly in earnest.

"'There is none righteous, no, not one,'" quoted Peter, with the air of a man who forces himself to an unpleasant duty.

"That's so, I guess," said Yankee, meditatively, "but it depends some on what you mean. I don't set myself up for any copy-book head-line, but as men go—men, say, just like you here—I'd put—I'd put him alongside, wouldn't you? You expect to get through yourself, I judge?"

This was turning the tables somewhat sharply upon Peter, but Yankee's keen, wide-open eyes were upon him, and his intensely earnest manner demanded an answer.

"Indeed, if it will be so, it will not be for any merit of my own, but only because of the mercy of the Lord in Christ Jesus." Peter's tone was sincerely humble.

"Guess you're all right," said Yankee, encouragingly; "and as for—as for—him—don't you worry about that. You may be dead sure about his case."

But Peter only shook his head hopelessly. "You are sorely in need of in-

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struction, Mr. Latham," he said, sadly. "We cannot listen to our hearts in this matter. We must do honor to the justice of God, and the word is clear, 'Ye must be born again.' Nothing else avails." Peter's tone was final.

Then Yankee drew a little nearer to him as if settling down to work.

"Now look here. You let me talk a while. I ain't up in your side of the business, but I guess we are tryin' to make the same point. Now supposin' you was in for a hoss race, which I hope ain't no offense, seein' it ain't likely, but suppose, and to take first money you had to perdoose a two-fifteen gait. 'Purty good lick,' says you; 'now where will I get the nag?' Then you sets down and thinks, and, says you, 'By gum,' which of course you wouldn't; but supposin' says you, 'A "Blue-Grass" bred is the hoss for that gait,' and you begin to inquire around, but there ain't no Blue-Grass bred stock in the country, and that race is creepin' up close. One day, just when you was beginnin' to figure on takin' the dust to the hull field, you sees a colt comin' along the road hittin' up a purty slick gait. 'Hello,' says you, 'that looks likely,' and you begin to negotiate, and you finds out that colt's all right and her time's two-ten. Then you begin to talk about the weather and the crops until you finds out the price, and you offer him half money. Then, when you have fetched him down to the right figure, you pulls out your wad, thinkin' how that colt will make the rest look like a line of fence-posts. 'But hold on,' says you, 'is this here colt Blue-Grass bred?' 'Blue Grass! Not much. This here's "Grey Eagle" stock, North Virginny,' says he. 'Don't want her,' says you. 'What's the matter with the colt,' says he. 'Nothin', only she ain't Blue Grass. Got to be Blue Grass.' 'But she's got the gait, ain't she?' 'Yes, the gait's all right, action fine, good-looking, too, nothing wrong, but she ain't Blue-Grass bred.' And so you lose your race. Now what kind of a name would you call yourself?"

Peter saw Yankee's point, but he only shook his head more hopelessly than before, and turned to enter the house, followed by Straight Rory still sighing deeply, and old Donald Ross. But Kenny remained a moment behind the others, and, offering his hand to Yankee, said: "You are a right man, and I will be proud to know you better."

Yankee turned a puzzled face to Kenny. "I say," he inquired in an amazed voice, "do you think he didn't catch on to me?"

Kenny nodded. "Yes, he understood your point."

"But look here," said Yankee, "they don't hold that—that he is—" Yankee paused. The thought was too horrible, and these men were experts, and were supposed to know.

"It's hard to say," said Kenny, diplomatically.

"See here," said Yankee, facing Kenny squarely, "you're a purty level-headed man, and you're up in this business. Do you think with them? No monkeying. Straight talk now." Yankee was in no mood to be trifled with. He was in such deadly earnest that he had forgotten all about Ranald, who was now standing behind him, waiting with white face and parted lips for Kenny's answer.

"Whisht!" said Kenny, pointing into the kitchen behind. Yankee looked and saw Bella Peter and her father entering. But Ranald was determined to know Kenny's opinion.

"Mr. Campbell," he whispered, eagerly, and, forgetting the respect due to an elder, he grasped Kenny's arm, "do you think with them?"

"That I do not," said Kenny, emphatically, and Yankee, at that word, struck his hand into Kenny's palm with a loud smack.

"I knew blamed well you were not any such dumb fool," he said, softening his speech in deference to Kenny's office and the surrounding circumstances. So saying, he went away to the stable, and when Ranald and his uncle, Macdonald Bhain, followed a little later to put up Peter McGregor's team, they heard Yankee inside, swearing with a fluency and vigor quite unusual with him.

"Whisht, man!" said Macdonald Bhain, sternly. "This is no place or time to be using such language. What is the matter with you, anyway?"

But Macdonald could get no satisfaction out of him, and he said to his nephew, "What is it, Ranald?"

"It is the elders, Peter McRae and

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Straight Rory," said Ranald, sullenly. "They were saying that Mack was—that Mack was—"

"Look here, boss," interrupted Yankee, "I ain't well up in Scriptures, and don't know much about these things, and them elders do, and they say—some of them, anyway, are sending Mack to hell. Now, I guess you're just as well up as they are in this business, and I want your solemn opinion." Yankee's face was pale, and his eyes were glaring like a wild beast's. "What I say is," he went on, "if a feller like Mack goes to hell, then there ain't any. At least none to scare me. Where Mack is will be good enough for me. What do you say, boss?"

"Be quiet, man," said Macdonald Bhain, gravely but kindly. "Do you not know you are near to blasphemy there? But I forgive you for the sore heart you have; and about poor Mack yonder, no one will be able to say for certain. I am a poor sinner, and the only claim I have to God's mercy is the claim of a poor sinner. But I will dare to say that I have hope in the Lord for myself, and I will say that I have a great deal more for Mack."

"I guess that settles it all right, then," said Yankee, drawing a big breath of content and biting off a huge chew from his plug. "But what do these fellers mean," he went on, savagely, "stirring up a man's feelin's like that? Seem to be not a bad sort, either," he added, meditatively.

"Indeed, they are good men," said Macdonald Bhain, "but they will not be knowing Mack as I knew him. He never made any profession at all, but he had the root of the matter in him."

Ranald felt as if he had wakened out of a terrible nightmare, and followed his uncle into the house, with a happier heart than he had known since he had received Yankee's letter.

As they entered the room where the people were gathered, Donald Ross was reading the hundred and third psalm, and the words of love and pity and sympathy were dropping from his kindly lips like healing balm upon the mourning hearts, and as they rose and fell upon the cadences of "Coleshill," the tune Straight Rory always chose for this psalm, the healing sank down into all the sore places, and the peace that passeth understanding began to take possession of them.

Softly and sweetly they sang, the old women swaying with the music:

"For, as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far,
So great to those that do him fear,
His tender mercies are."

When they reached that verse, the mother took up the song and went bravely on through the words of the following verse:

"As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
All our iniquity."

As she sang the last words her hand stole over to Bella, who sat beside her quiet but tearless, looking far away. But when the next words rose on the dear old minor strains,

"Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,"

Bella's lip began to tremble, and two big tears ran down her pale cheeks, and one could see that the sore pain in her heart had been a little eased.

After Donald Ross had finished his part of the "exercises," he called upon Kenny Crubach, who read briefly, and without comment, the exquisite Scottish paraphrase of Luther's "little gospel:"

"Behold the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God—"

and so on to the end.

All this time Peter McRae, the man of iron, had been sitting with hardening face, his eyes burning in his head like glowing coals; and when Donald Ross called upon him for "some words of exhortation and comfort suitable to the occasion," without haste and without hesitation the old man rose, and, trembling with excitement and emotion, he began abruptly: "An evil spirit has been whispering to me, as to the prophet of old, 'Speak that which is good,' but the Lord hath delivered me from mine enemy, and my answer is, 'As the Lord liveth, what the Lord said unto me, that will I speak;' and it is not easy."

As the old man paused, a visible terror fell upon all the company assembled. The poor mother sat looking at him with the look of one shrinking from a blow, while Bella Peter's face expressed only startled fear.

"And this is the word of the Lord this

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night to me," the elder went on, his voice losing its tremor and ringing out strong and clear: "'There is none righteous, no, not one, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' That is my message, and it is laid upon me as a sore burden to hear the voice of the Lord in this solemn Providence, and to warn one and all to flee from the wrath to come."

He paused long, while men could hear their hearts beat. Then, raising his voice, he cried aloud: "Woe is me! Alas! it is a grievous burden. The Lord pity us all, and give grace to this stricken family to kiss the rod that smites."

At this word the old man's voice suddenly broke, and he sat down amid an awful silence. No one could misunderstand his meaning. As the awful horror of it gradually made its way into her mind, Mrs. Cameron threw up her apron over her head and rocked in an agony of sobs, while Long John sat with face white and rigid. Bella Peter, who had been gazing with a fascinated stare upon the old elder's face while he was speaking his terrible words, startled by Mrs. Cameron's sobs, suddenly looked wildly about as if for help, and then, with a wild cry, fled toward the door. But before she had reached it a strong hand caught her and a great voice, deep and tender, commanded her:

"Wait, lassie, sit down here a meenute." It was Macdonald Bhain. He stood a short space silent before the people, then, in a voice low, deep, and thrilling, he began:

"You have been hearing the word of the Lord through the lips of his servant, and I am not saying but it is the true word; but I believe that the Lord will be speaking by different voices, and although I hev not the gift, yet it is laid upon me to declare what is in my heart, and a sore heart it is, and sore hearts hev we all. But I will be thinking of a fery joyful thing, and that is that 'He came to call, not the righteous, but sinners,' and that in his day many sinners came about him and not one would he turn away. And I will be remembering a fery great sinner who cried out in his dying hour, 'Lord, remember me,' and not in vain. And I am thinking that the Lord will be making it easy for men to be saved, and not hard, for he was that anxious about it that he gave up his own life. But it is not given me to argue, only to tell you what I know about the lad who is lying yonder silent. It will be three years since he will be coming on the shanties with me, and from the day that he left his mother's door till he came back again, never once did he fail me in his duty in the camp, or on the river, or in the town, where it was fery easy to be forgetting. And the boys would be telling me of the times that he would be keeping them out of those places. And it is not soon that Dannie Ross will be forgetting who it was that took him back from the camp when the disease was upon him and all were afraid to go near him, and for seex weeks, by day and by night, watched by him and was not thinking of himself at all. And sure am I that the lessons he would be hearing from his mother and in the Bible class and in the church were not lost on him whatever. For on the river, when the water was quiet and I would be lying in the tent reading, it is often that Mack Cameron would come in and listen to the Word. Aye, he was a good lad"—the great voice shook a little—"he would not be thinking of himself, and, at the last, it was for another man he gave his life."

Macdonald stood for a few moments silent, his face working while he struggled with himself. And then all at once he grew calm, and, throwing back his head, he looked through the door and, pointing into the darkness, said:

"And yonder is the lad, and with him a great company, and his face is smiling, and, oh! it is a good land, a good land!" His voice dropped to a whisper, and he sank into his seat.

"God preserve us!" Kenny Crubach ejaculated; but old Donald Ross rose and said, "Let us call upon the name of the Lord." From his prayer it was quite evident that for him at least all doubts and fears as to poor Mack's state were removed. And even Peter McRae, subdued not so much by any argument of Macdonald Bhain's as by his rapt vision, followed old Donald's prayer with broken words of hope and thanksgiving; and it was Peter who was early at the Manse next morning to repeat to the minister the things he had

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seen and heard the night before. And all next day, where there had been the horror of unnamable fear, hope and peace prevailed.

The service was held under the trees, and, while the mother and Bella Peter sat softly weeping, there was no bitterness in their tears, for the sermon breathed of the immortal hope, and the hearts of all were comforted. There was no parade of grief, but after the sermon was over the people filed quietly through the room to take the last look, and then the family, with Bella and her father, were left alone a few moments with their dead, while the Macdonald men kept guard at the door till the time for "the lifting" would come.

After Long John passed out, followed by the family, MacDonald Bhain entered the room, closed the lid down upon the dead face, and gave the command to bear him forth.

So, with solemn dignity, as befitted them, they carried Big Mack from his home to Farquhar McNaughton's light wagon. Along the concession road, past the new church, through the swamp, and on to the old churchyard the long procession slowly moved. There was no unseemly haste, and by the time the last words were spoken and the mound decently rounded, the long shadows from the woods lay far across the fields. Quietly the people went their ways homeward, back to their life and work, but for many days they carried with them the memory of those funeral scenes. And Ranald, though he came back from Big Mack's grave troubled with questions that refused to be answered, still carried with him a heart healed of the pain that had torn it these last days. He believed it was well with his friend, but about many things he was sorely perplexed, and it was this that brought him again to the minister's wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

English and American Schools

I.—Some English Schools Seen by an American Teacher

By N. E. Waite

IT would be claiming too much to say that the schools visited and here described are typical, although said to be so by our English friends and by English teachers themselves; but as I did not see the others, we will give England the benefit of the doubt.

My first visit was to a kindergarten in Boston, Lincolnshire. "Visit the kindergarten!" said our friends when I expressed a wish to do so. "Nobody visits schools here. Why do you want to visit a kindergarten?" They seemed both amused and surprised at my desire to visit for self-improvement, but promised to ask Miss —— if I would be welcome at her kindergarten.

"That will not be at all necessary," said I, thinking of American educational hospitality. "Kindergartners are always glad to meet and talk with each other." But I was assured so emphatically that I could not possibly go without being invited that I was forced to remember my presence in conservative England, where "teachers are satisfied with their old methods" and schools are seldom visited.

The next day I received a very cordial invitation, and the morning I spent with the kindergartner is one of the pleasant memories of my visit in England.

The following morning found me climbing the two flights of stairs from the market-place, with its sea of canvas-covered booths, where you can buy anything—from a "reel of cotton to a herd of cattle;" for it was Wednesday, and a market day, and the market has been held in the same place on Wednesdays and Saturdays for centuries.

Once upstairs, I was ushered into the queerest old-fashioned room imaginable. The windows, set into the thick stone wall, formed convenient seats when they were not filled with flowering plants, for the English love of flowers is to be seen

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even in a third-story room off the market-place. There were three rooms, one used as a cloak-room, which had such a queer, old-timey way of having a step up here and a step down there, in the most unexpected places, while overhead the low oak rafters, blackened with age, looked as if they had been there for centuries, as probably they had. The children, about twenty in number, were from six to nine years of age, many boys wearing long smock frocks, which are never seen in America except in pictures. The kindergartner, an earnest little woman, had taken the complete kindergarten training. She showed me her diploma duly signed, but the work! It began with a prayer, repeated line by line after the kindergartner, who knelt on a platform, the children kneeling in rows by their chairs in front of her; this *may* have been a new prayer, not yet learned. It was followed by the Lord's Prayer repeated in concert, a hymn, and the reading of a short Bible lesson, after which they went to their tables, without songs, story, or morning talk. At the time for physical activity there was a quiet, formal march (the tenants in the offices below objected to anything more energetic), and a few physical exercises, such as the stretching of the arms, taken in a slow, mechanical way that must have been a weariness to the flesh. During the play period which followed, there was a flower game only, the "flowers" being chosen by the kindergartner, and going in turn into the circle, while the teachers (perhaps the children were unaccustomed to visitors) sang something about being roses, lilies, and violets, those not representing flowers marching around the circle; then all went back to their seats. The table work consisted of building with the fifth gift, stick-laying, weaving large cardboard mats of inch-wide strips, which would have been very good if the unnecessary weaving-needles had not been so much in the way, also reading, arithmetic, and blackboard and pencil writing, a so-called nature lesson on the caterpillar, with a crude blackboard drawing for a basis. I believe there had been caterpillars in the kindergarten some time in the past, but they had been taken home, probably the Friday before, and left there. The music for marching was our familiar "Yankee Doodle," although not recognized as such by any one present except myself, for it went under another name.

At Hunstanton, Norfolk—a pretty seaside resort—I was less fortunate. There were two schools in the town—one for girls and one for boys. There may have been more, but if so, I heard nothing of them. The school for girls boasted a kindergarten sign also, and, naturally, I planned to visit there first. But I was told that I should only be wasting my time, for the school was so poor that it was not worth visiting, and the kindergarten, as such, did not exist. So I turned my attention to the "High School for Boys," which proved to be a boarding and day school for boys of (apparently) all ages; the name High School referring, not to higher grades of study, but to a method of instruction, which, so far as I could learn (I was not permitted to visit the school, as it was within a few days of the end of the year's work, and "the boys were in a state of upheaval"), consisted in "less memorizing than in the other schools." Bear in mind that I am quoting from the head master, not speaking from observation.

On my return to Boston I determined to make one more effort to see the schools there, and announced at the breakfast-table my intention of going to the grammar-school with my cousin, a lad of fourteen. The consternation caused by my remark was amusing. "Oh, cousin! I am sure they would not let you visit the school; nobody visits except on speech day. The head master would show you the building, but I know that you would not be allowed to hear the classes recite," said he. And the family assured me that it was so. As the lad, although studying French and Latin, could not tell which of three common fractions such as 2-5, 7-8, 2-9, was the largest, and had to come to me for help in finding their least common denominator, perhaps it was not surprising that unexpected visitors were unwelcome. And this lad was no dullard. But, as an Englishman remarked later, "the Americans see everything." So I made one more effort and succeeded. This time I asked nobody's permission, but, inquiring my way, presented myself as an American would do if visiting an American school. It was a "Board" school, corresponding to our public schools to the extent of being

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free, but there the likeness ended. Finding a school-room door open, I introduced myself, and stated my reason for being there. The young lady in charge was evidently frightened, and told me I had better see the head master. So to the head master I went, and when he understood that I was an American teacher, actually spending a part of my vacation in visiting schools, he was courtesy itself, and he and the head mistress spent the entire morning showing and explaining the work.

The Board schools are for the poorer classes, and are very much looked down upon by those who can pay for their tuition, and a common complaint against them is that "they spoil our servants." Can it be with too much education? An American would hardly think so, since the amount provided is not equal to that given in our grammar grades, and the children may leave school for work at the age of fourteen years in any case, and at the age of eleven years if they have finished the course of study.

The school-rooms looked cheerless, and, to my mind, were poorly lighted. Perhaps the heavy clouds with which the sky was overcast made the lighting seem worse than it really was. The double seats were raised tier above tier, but there were no other steps to climb, as the rooms were all on the ground floor. Two rooms, at least, were lighted from the back and two from the right side. There was no attempt at decoration, unless a few small plants and a large number of colored charts illustrating talks on mountains, rainbows, rivers, etc., could be called such.

The room for those just entering school life was reached by passing through three others, and was very small. The "kindergarten" class of three-year olds were seated on the opposite side of the room from the windows, with the light coming from the right. They "were too young to read," so were employed in *making letters with sticks*, such as are used in kindergarten, and arranging the alphabet with cardboard letters. At least I understood that to be the purpose of a box of letters which the head mistress told me were for the use of the kindergarten class. There were also some yellow and blue triangular tablets with which they copied large and small squares made by the teacher, and some fourth gifts, with a large one for the teacher. I judged from various indications that the children copied what she made. Especially interesting were some large models of animals, perhaps twelve inches in length, which probably formed the basis for talks, and a few small shovels and pails, which were doubtless of use either in the garden, if there was one, or when they had their school "treat" (picnic) at the end of the year. There was no drawing in the lower grades, and I saw no indications of color work of any kind for the little ones. Clay had been used in the past, but was "too dirty," and consequently was abandoned. Although the head mistress showed me everything in the closet, I found nothing else for the kindergarten class; there was nothing with which to create, and little with which to imitate.

The class of four-year-olds were in the same small room, and seated with the light at their backs. They were reading in high-pitched, monotonous, parrot-like voices from a chart, those awaiting their turn being obliged to sit with their arms folded behind their backs, and were harshly scolded by the sour-faced, tired-looking young teacher if they failed to do so; and how could they do otherwise? It was—"Johnny, position!" "Jane, your hands!" "Tom, put your hands behind you"—till I did not wonder that she looked tired and that her face had lost its youthfulness in her struggle for the impossible. What must she have felt at the end of the day? The five and six year olds in the next room were reading from books, poor things! Happily, a half-dozen or so fairy tales, such as Cinderella and the like, were considered beneficial at this stage of their development. They stood in a circle, some necessarily facing and some with their backs to the light, their feet touching from toe to heel, and their arms folded behind them, holding the book as best they could. Try it, and see how long you can remain in that position. Those unable to do so were scolded, and three of them were struck on the head by the sixteen-year-old pupil-teacher, who had had no training for her work, and only such education as she had received in the Board schools. In this class was a little girl of about seven or eight years of age, who was nearly blind and had St. Vitus's dance,

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her little thin hands twisting in and out and her eyes rolling up under her eyelids almost incessantly. She also was scolded because she found it impossible to keep the position. Later I saw her bending down until her eyes almost touched her slate, trying to write from the copy placed there in deference to her blindness. One ray of light had entered her darkened little life, for the head mistress had at last discovered that she liked to run errands, and often chose her to be her messenger.

In this room I found more hand work. Besides the sewing of impossible pictures on cardboard with many-colored wools, the perforating being done by the children and the pictures afterwards colored by the teacher, there was fine hemming, for practice only, on muslin, and squares of knitting in colored worsteds, which, when finished, were sewed together for dusters, presumably for the use of the school, as several squares were required for one duster. I have a faint recollection of a description of some wall-pockets, watch-pockets, etc., worked on perforated cardboard and made up by the teachers, but I did not see them. The only redeeming features discovered in this room were the reading of the fairy tales and the construction of a limited number of articles, such as tables, chairs, and desks, from pieces of mortised wood. But remember that the teacher, although under the direction of the head mistress, was only sixteen years old, wore short dresses and had her hair hanging down her back, and had had no training whatever for her work. Too much should not be expected of her; but think of some one's responsibility in placing such a child in so responsible a position! And here let me say that they usually sang *twice a week*, although they sometimes sang oftener.

Omitting any account of the next room, where we made no long stay, I was next shown the work of the (probably) nine and ten year olds. A class in reading was reciting. It was a new lesson, and the teacher, the timid one whom I had seen first, read a sentence from the book, then the class repeated it after her, imitating her rendering of the lesson with great accuracy, and so on to the end; then the pupils in turn read the whole selection. This, I was given to understand, was the way they studied literature. In this room they were knitting stockings and making underclothes, which they did very well indeed, a year or more being required to finish one garment. Many exercise-books and examination papers were shown to me, all of which showed the blue-pencil mark of authority—a letter lengthened here and a dot added there—by the Board of Inspection. The Board of Directors, by the way, seems to have great authority, even to the extent of correcting exercises, but the instruction of the pupil-teachers devolved upon the head master of the school. It was in this room that the utility of the picture cardboard sewing of the little children appeared. Four pieces were fastened together to make a decorative (?) cover for a flower-pot. Why, oh, why, since they must be made into "something useful," could it not have been left in their own room, where they might at least have the pleasure of seeing their own productions utilized?

In the next room I was shown large geographical models in relief, of papier-maché painted to represent rivers, grass, etc., and crated for preservation while being carried from room to room. They were crude in form and color, and must have been somewhat expensive. I thought of our sand tables and creative work, costing so little, and was silent. There was really only one new educational feature apparent in the last and most advanced room. Here the children were allowed a year of drawing. It was pencil work from the flat and models, and consisted of fine unbroken outlines only. They were very proud of their drawing, but a sigh escaped me when I thought of our color washes and charcoal work, our flowers, grasses, and seed-pods, our landscapes and stained-glass window designs, etc. There were, I believe, no blackboards in the lower rooms. In the higher grades the blackboard stands on an easel. I was asked about our school-rooms, and I told of our curtains and plants, our gleanings from field and wayside, and our pictures. They had pictures, a good collection, of which they were very proud. But, alas! they proved to be the same colored charts of waterfalls, mountains, rainbows, etc., the like of which, I venture to say, could not be found in the length and breadth of our land, for which O be joyful! The head master and mistress

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were kindness itself to me, and I will long remember their courtesy; but the children —the poor children! And this is the only chance for an education for the majority. The teachers, except the head master and mistress, were quite untrained, and most of them were young—very young—from fifteen to twenty years of age, and had received only a Board school education—all there is for the poorer class. If they have any money (most of them have not), the pupils after leaving the Board school can receive manual training at the technical schools; if not, they go to work at the age of fourteen years; and if they have been bright enough to finish the course of instruction at the age of eleven years, they may be put to work then.

One feature observed in the Board school playground near Hunstanton impressed me very favorably, namely, the use of swings, turning-poles, and other gymnastic apparatus.

The English devote about the same amount of time to holidays that we do, but divide it differently. There are four national bank holidays of one or two days each, and they are holidays indeed, for you cannot buy so much as a loaf of bread from the night before to the morning after—at least this is so in Leeds, and I believe it is universal; the Christmas holidays of four weeks; Easter and Whitsuntide, with two weeks each; and the midsummer holidays of six weeks, from the last of July to the middle of August, for summer weather in England is not as hot as it is with us.

I have no reason to believe that the schools visited differ from others of their class, but let us hope that I saw the exception and not the rule. They are systematic and good in their way, but their way is, unfortunately, a byway compared to the broad road of the new education.

II.—Impressions of an American School

By Eustace Miles, M.A.,

Formerly Assistant Master at Rugby School and at Marlborough College, and Lecturer and Honours Coach at Cambridge University, England.

MY experience of English schools has been large, partly because I have been an assistant master at one or two, and partly because at Cambridge I had a great number of pupils from all of them, after having been a boy at one of them myself. What I say here is based on the impressions made upon me by St. Mark's School at Southborough, Mass.

St. Mark's is like an English school in producing a healthy-looking set of boys, who seem to be thorough sportsmen, and who are probably somewhat keener on games and athletics than on work. Anyhow, both in England and in America the boys might be described as being keen; there is nothing *blasé* about them. And they have plenty of interests; for instance, their Mission, which is a capital idea, their school paper, and their shop or store, which is not nearly so useful. The English boy does not spend so much money on iced drinks, although his luxuries are probably equally unwholesome.

The American masters whom I met were excellent as men and as masters; but they did not seem to be, for the most part, men who had chosen to be schoolmasters in preference to many other professions. Their methods of teaching were certainly better than those in England: thus, they pronounced Greek in the proper way, or in something like it, and not in the English way; they allowed the boys to ask questions freely, and did not aim at making their boys reproduce just what the text-book said; in a word, they did not blindly follow custom and authority.

There was less drill, however, in the American system, where more drill is really needed; for American boys, so far as I can see, are apt to be lacking in self-restraint. Again, there was less accuracy: America does not produce many accurate and refined scholars; although, on the other hand, the work was more interesting than the work at an English public school, and had far more energy and bustle about it. Its weakness seemed to me to lie in this, that it developed the

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national faults instead of counteracting them. The American national faults include not only want of self-control, but also inaccuracy and hurry. These three are all to be seen in the work. Strange as it may sound, it may nevertheless be true, that an English boy would be better with an American boy's education, and *vice versa*, if each is to eradicate his peculiar national faults.

Another fault—and this was the most conspicuous of all—was the harshness and loudness of the boys' voices. There are few things that grate on an Englishman's ear more than the typical American voice. It is heard at its worst in American schools, and the pronunciation is often ultra-Cockney. A boy, when he calls out "what," very frequently pronounces it in the most strident way, and as if it rhymed with port or part. This would not be tolerated in England. In the olden days a boy would have been kicked if he had had such a voice. But I hear that a change has already begun in America, and the evil will be gradually remedied.

The dress of the boys was also somewhat untidy, as it seems to be throughout America, at least with the male sex; but it was thoroughly sensible. What struck me most about the dress was that flannels were allowed in chapel. This, I think, is just what should be the case if chapel is to have anything to do with the daily life except by way of complete contrast.

The chapel itself had a delightfully short service, and the boys were certainly far more attentive than they would have been during our long English service. Here, again, I noticed that the voices of the boys were rather harsh, but sang true.

The boys were not really at all harsh in manner; in fact, those that I saw were wonderfully well behaved; they impressed me as being boys who were far more likely to get up in a trolley-car and offer their places to a lady than their New York elders would be. I hope I was right in thinking this; they could scarcely have been less unlikely. Between American boys and English boys there would not be so very much to choose in this respect; and the two sets are like one another in this also, that the American school-boy is not yet strictly commercial. The English school-boy has this in his favor, that he thinks little about future money-making; the same applies to the typical English university man. There is not that perpetual striving which we find in so many older Americans for money, money, money, as if that were identical with success. The American boys are less money-mad than their fathers, but probably rather more commercial than English boys.

On the other hand, at the schools in America there is much freer thought; the boys are not so shy, and it is probable that they are not nearly so immoral (in the narrow sense of the word). This is a most important point for the future of the two nations, though it is seldom touched upon. We veil over this pest of our English schools with our abominable excuse of "decency forbids." I believe that exposure and publicity would do more than anything else to put an end to this terrible curse, of which only the blind dare to deny the existence.

It is in these two points especially, namely, the absence of the commercial spirit and the higher standard of personal purity, that the American schools are likely to be one of the greatest blessings for this nation. The boys seemed likely to shrink from any profession, or any methods in a profession, to which dishonesty is attached.

In their games and athletics also, so far as I could judge, there was absolute honesty and fairness; in fact, one might have been at an English school, except of course for the difference between cricket and baseball, and so on. But American games and athletics here were inferior to those in England, for three chief reasons. I am not alluding to the standard of play, but to the spirit.

First of all, there was a spirit of hurry and rush and nervous strain. The boys would have been unable to settle down to a quiet game of cricket; they wanted to be *doing something* the whole time. There seems to be an attempt in various quarters to get rid of this needless hustle and striving, but the fault is still very conspicuous even at this first-rate school.

Secondly, there were fewer games to divide up the interest of the boys from the main games, which were not numerous. There should have been more competitions inside the school itself, and with other

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schools. This is especially the case in the winter, during which time America is miserably poor in games. Every school should have its squash courts, as all the best English schools have; in these fives (hand-fives) could be played as well. Hand-fives has already begun and has been taken up with great keenness at St. Mark's, but still there is need of inter-school matches. Racquet courts should be built as well. These games would multiply the boys' interests and would give a chance to those who perhaps would not excel at football or baseball. It must be remembered also that these are the games which boys can play when they become men, and when exercise is hard to get in city life.

The athletic interest of American boys is apt to be of a grossly exaggerated kind; it centers on one or two main games with other schools. New games would split up the interest. And they would also be working on that elective principle which has already been introduced into the sphere of work by President Eliot, of Harvard. It means that, to a certain extent, the boy may choose the game which suits him best. Undoubtedly these suggestions, if sound, will be adopted in the course of time. Rich parents will give squash courts, and hand-fives courts, and racquet courts to the various schools. St. Paul's has a racquet court already.

The third reason why American games and athletics seemed inferior to the English was that the English school is larger. At Marlborough, where I was a boy for five years, there were a number of houses, of about fifty boys each, some of them more or less separated from one another by being in different buildings. The whole school had nearly five hundred boys. The houses stand by themselves, and each is almost like a small school. The advantage was that a boy had his house interests as well as his school interests; he might be playing for the second "eleven" of his house at cricket, for the second "fifteen" of his house at football; for always there would be plenty of matches for both the first and second teams of different houses; or he might be playing fives. A boy would be keen not only on his school and its various competitions, but also on his house, in the same way that an English university man would be keen not only on his university, but also on his college, which he would have many chances of representing. Hence in England the importance of the few inter-school matches at cricket and football is not so liable to be overestimated.

It is probable that the American schools will grow, and it is to be hoped that they will not be confined to the sons of the rich, as they seem to be at present. This is not the case in England. Let me come back again to my old school at Marlborough. Marlborough was reckoned, and is reckoned, equal to any school in England; that is to say, the richest boys would not shrink from going there, nor the best-born boys either. Yet this school, together with Haileybury and Rossall and other schools as well, gives a complete education, including food and everything, for eighty pounds ($400) a year. There were excellent assistant masters; there was plenty of food, and good food, too, and in fact everything that one could need except the best educational methods, which are not to be found at any large English public school that I know.

And yet I bless this school because it never overstrained me and never overworked me. It did not develop me prematurely, as many American schools (not St. Mark's, I believe) are apt to develop their boys, turning many of them into precocious, cheeky prigs. The result is that I enjoy my work now and can do it quietly and peacefully, and I hope not the less conscientiously. Had I been at an average American school I might have reached my present state of knowledge, such as it is, some years earlier, but I should not have worked half so quietly nor half so economically.

The only question is whether England can afford to keep back her sons, as it were; whether, in the present strain of competition, there is not need for more hurry. I can afford to bless the school because I was able to wait for my maturity; but without a certain amount of capital I should have been rather stranded. An American school would probably have enabled me to find a permanent position within a month or two after my four years' "Honours" course at the university. It is quite a question how far the slow and timely development of the individual is feasible on purely economical grounds.

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Italian History, Art, and Travel[1]

THE appearance of several notable works in one season calls the attention both of the serious student and of the popular reader to Italy and to Italy's place in the history both of politics and of art.

Mr. Crawford's volumes are to be taken not so much as an attempt to narrate consecutive history as the brilliant attempt by a brilliant writer to give to us a series of glowing pictures. To this end his subject seems fitter than any other could be, for nowhere can one find such kaleidoscopic effects as in Greek, Roman, Saracen, Norman, German, Spanish, and Italian history in Sicily, Calabria, and Malta.

Mr. Crawford shows some tendency to pursue the "what might have been," and if one have time and inclination, this is not such a bad occupation occasionally. Who knows, indeed, as Mr. Crawford queries, whether there would have ever been any power at Carthage worth mentioning, or even at Rome, if Athens had finally triumphed in Sicily?

The description of the courts of Hiero and Gelo, the homes of philosophers, poets, sculptors, and orators, seems to us as brilliant a piece of writing as any that Mr. Crawford has yet done. Indeed, the whole work is well worth reading, but its most practical value lies in Mr. Crawford's discussion of present, not past, political conditions, and among present conditions the Mafia forms the most picturesque feature. Save Mr. Bagehot's description in a recent number of the "National Review," we know nothing on the subject more clearly sketched than the description which we find in these pages. The Mafia followed, appropriately enough, after the tyrannies of Hiero and Gelo in the last of a long list of Sicilian tyrannies, but compared with the Greek governments of the time, what a progress upward! No longer is there a Hiero to send his chariots to carry off prizes on the plain of Elis, and, alas! no longer is there a Pindar to go to Syracuse in order there to sing the tyrant's triumph. If the limits of his work had been less circumscribed, Mr. Crawford might have drawn an interesting parallel between the Greek colonization and that of the present day. Perhaps there has never been an instance of more successful colonization than that of Sicily by Greece. American, British, and German colonization may well take note that in old Greek days the development of athletics was closely connected with politics, and that in every proper political evolution art has always been ancillary. It is not enough to-day for Britain to have extended her rule all over the world. If she would hold Australia and Canada and India and South Africa, she must do more; she must make those far-away regions the fields of her efforts not only for political power and for commerce, but also for the highest physical, æsthetic, and mental life. It is not alone through merchants or through missionaries that colonization succeeds: the whole life of a nation must be transplanted.

No matter how impressive and varied the two thousand years of history for Sicily, Calabria, and Malta have been, the thousand years of Venetian history are nearer to us, not only in time, but also and chiefly because the spirit of the Venetian public seems more akin to the spirit actuating modern governments. Forty years ago Mr. William Carew Hazlitt published a work on Venetian history, but the intervening years have witnessed such a large accumulation of valuable particulars relative to the institutions of Venice that a new history was needed, and the present two bulky quarto volumes are the result. Mr. Hazlitt briefly defines his work as follows: "I call this book a history. It may also be treated as a monument and a lesson: a monument to what Venice accomplished; a lesson to show how the errors of state are punished, and how power and wealth may come and go."

Our first impression in turning page after page of this history is that the many

[1] *The Rulers of the South.* By Francis Marion Crawford. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.
The Venetian Republic. By William Carew Hazlitt. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $12.
The Midsummer of Italian Art. By Frank Preston Stearns. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.
Raphael. (Great Artists Series.) By Lionel Strachey. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.
Italian Cities. By Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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Doges, commanders, and statesmen hardly seemed to crystallize in their own characters enough of that constructive policy which one must feel lay at the base of Venetian influence; perhaps that was the reason why, exactly a thousand years after it was established, the Venetian Republic was destroyed by Napoleon. Another seemingly strange characteristic of the rulers of Venice was their apparent distaste for colonization. Venice did possess colonies on the Bosphorus and elsewhere, but the Venetians find their modern counterpart rather in the unsuccessful efforts of France at colonization than in the more practical and the more successful efforts of England and Germany. A third impression which Mr. Hazlitt does well to bring out is that it is quite poss ble, despite much personal hardihood, for men to be very luxurious in their tastes and thoroughly materialistic in their ideas. These elements are borne in upon one more and more by every new visit to the picture galleries at Venice. In the immortal canvases of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese we see the faces of noble Venetian citizens—faces betokening high intellectual power, but with a certain narrowness which makes us think that their statesmanship covered only party despotism, with a certain hardness of gaze which makes us feel that, no matter how formally pious, their real love was that of worldly aggrandizement and of dazzling brilliance. It is no wonder that the Venetians had come to feel great confidence in their power to hold a commanding position among nations, and that secretly many of them believed their city to be, as the Veronese depicts it, "Venice, Mistress of the World, between Justice and Peace." The wonderful situation of Venice, the still more wonderful power of its architects in developing a unique architecture, have made many a traveler feel that it was the City of the Soul; those who study into its history, however, sometimes feel differently.

The excellences of Mr. Hazlitt's work would have been emphasized had he the charm of literary style. He is evidently a man of prodigious industry, but the reader will turn from his portly volumes to the smaller ones of Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life," for instance, with a sigh of relief. If Venice is worth anything to the reader, its chief worth lies in its communication of romantic emotion, and that cannot be communicated by a mechanical writer.

The revised edition of a book rarely calls for such notice as is due in the case of the revision of Mr. Stearns's "Midsummer of Italian Art," a capital work, published five years ago. It quickly took rank as a book of acute and scholarly criticism. The revision of the "Midsummer" is particularly important in that Mr. Stearns now gives us an analysis of the paintings of Raphael, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, brought up to the present date, thus offering to his readers the fruits of a half-decade's accomplishment by students in critical estimate of the works of these four immortal painters, the greatest representatives of the midsummer of Italian art.

Mr. Stearns is not entirely unconscious of the worth of his product. A reviewer in the London "Spectator," having referred to the first edition of the "Midsummer" as an excellent one to interest beginners in the study of Italian art, is now reminded by that author, in his second edition, that his book is intended rather as a post-graduate course, and as a supplement to Lübke or Woltmann. As establishing this claim, Mr. Stearns complacently calls our attention to a comparison of his criticisms with those by Symonds (which the printer spells without the final "s"), or with those by Crowe and Cavalcaselle! Respecting Michael Angelo, Mr. Stearns hardly admits as worthy of the confidence of students the criticisms by Grimm or by Symonds in their well-known biographies of that great master; he says, "There is no thoroughgoing criticism of Michael Angelo's work that I can hear of in any language, and my own statement would seem to be the first attempt in that direction."

Some time since Mrs. Bell gave us a good, small biography of Raphael, and the other day Miss Hurll published an admirable book on Raphael for beginners in art. The world has not lacked for large biographies of Raphael—such magisterial volumes as those by M. Müntz, by Professor Grimm, by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or that more recent and altogether delightful volume of criticism on "Raphael's Madonnas" by Mr. Karl

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Károly. Mr. Strachey's book differs from the above in bringing out more clearly certain fields of criticism. Especially to be noted are his replies to those critics of Raphael who are always preferring the individual to the type, who deem Raphael defective in creative faculty, who declare him rhetorical or at least academic, and, finally, those who, like John Ruskin, complain that in early times art was employed for the display of religious facts, but that in Renaissance times religious facts were employed for the display of art.

Mr. Strachey's most important contribution, however, seems to us to be his discussion of Raphael as a space-composer. He says:

> Imagine a window in a room looking out upon a lawn, and consider the opening of the window as the picture, and the window-frame as the picture's frame. Now imagine three persons, whose figures have to be composed into a group in this window-opening. Firstly, let us arrange them standing in a row, side by side, and all in the same plane. This I should call composing the figures in "breadth." Now make one of the figures stand on a chair (always in the same plane), and we get composition in height as well, for upon the difference in the heights of the figures will the composition or pattern depend. Whether the appearance of the picture so far will be good depends upon the skill displayed in the arrangement. If the distances between the figures and the sides of the window are well planned, the composition will be good; if the various altitudes of the figures are harmoniously disposed, the composition will satisfy us in height. But now comes depth. To compose in the third dimension, the figures must be no longer in the same plane. Let one of the figures stand by the window and let the others go out on to the lawn behind at different distances from the window. Wherever the figures stand, we shall have the effect of depth; but we shall only have composition—that is, harmonious arrangements—in depth if the figures are placed at well-ordered distances. But this is not all. The figure at the far end of the lawn makes me able to mark off mentally and realize the space between it and the one nearer to my eye, so that it is not only the arrangement of the figures themselves that has to be considered, but the disposition of the spaces between them.

It will be seen from this analysis that space-composition and the mere rendering of distant objects are two totally different things, and that distance may be faithfully expressed in a picture without any attempt at space-composition. Almost for the first time, this particular development of art is shown to consist, not only in depicting objects behind one another, but in so arranging them that the spaces between are disposed with that regard for rhythm which is the basis of the whole art of composition. Regard for rhythm is, beyond anything else, the secret of Raphael's charm for us and of his power over us. This subtle quality Mr. Strachey illustrates in a clever parallel between Raphael and Mozart, men singularly alike, not only in wonderful productivity, but also in that clearness of thought and in that placing of the whole above the parts without which there can be no true harmony. It is safe to say that no critical estimate of Raphael has ever done fuller justice to his rhythm and to his lyricism than does Mr. Strachey's life. Students of art in general, as well as of Raphael in particular, may well be grateful to Raphael's latest biographer for this illuminative book.

From such writing one turns to the well-expressed appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield in their two volumes on "Italian Cities." We are sorry that there are only two volumes, and we hope for another two describing certain interesting towns left undescribed in these. Most travelers to Italy and most sojourners in Italy provide themselves, first of all, with Baedeker and then with Hare. After this they are apt to have recourse to the volumes by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or those by Mr. Karl Károly or by Mr. Berenson, and then a few will read certain books which describe the land and people—such historical novels as "The Marble Faun" and "Romola" and "The Improvisatore." In the present volume travelers and sojourners will find a mixture of art criticism and descriptions of Italian cities, much to the point, and giving in fairly small compass exactly that sympathetic and quickening touch which is needed by every one, for no one knows too much about Italy. Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield know more than most people do, and they can tell many an observer in that country just what to see. They do not tell their readers just what they ought to think, as did John Ruskin in his "Mornings in Florence" and other books; they rather muse aloud, and then leave the reader to judge for himself. For instance, our authors find themselves in Umbria, a too little visited province, but they seem to be almost the first to point

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out that those exquisite horizons of serenity are in dramatic contrast to the stress of passion which interpenetrates the annals of Perugia and Assisi. And in Ravenna their pages glow with the brilliant mosaic pictures which shine there in undimned glamour, although Ravenna has long been but a synonym for a graveyard. When they reach Siena, they explain the Sienese school of painting by references to popular traits—references hardly set forth elsewhere with such convincing language. Sienese society "possessed neither moderation, self-control, nor mental poise; under the veneer of courtesy and high-flown sentiments were the untamed instincts, the puerile superstitions, of ruder times, ready to break bounds at any moment. The young knight who bore down all the lances in the tourney, and looked a very Saint Michael as he knelt in the cathedral, would burn and slay like a brutal mercenary, and the youth who fasted until he fainted in Lent and tore his bare shoulders with the scourge would serenade his neighbor's wife at Easter." Those who look at Sodoma's pictures should have such a hint lest they be carried off their feet by unmeasured enthusiasm. If it were not for such knowledge we should be talking about his spiritual genius when we only mean his melting sentiment, in the peculiar expression of which he stands unrivaled by any of his contemporaries. When we come to the chapter entitled "In Florence with Romola," however, we do not find ourselves as well pleased as when our authors are their own guides. George Eliot, a good guide in certain places, is in Florence not always the best. Those who would know about these cities, and about Parma and Mantua, Cortona, Spoleto, and others, should read the Blashfield books, not so much because of their topographical descriptions, not so much because of their art criticisms, not so much because of their insight into the customs and manners of the people, as because of their diffusion of Italian atmosphere.

A Study of Childhood[1]

ALTHOUGH the implicit principle of modern naturalism, that education is but the removal of restrictions from nature, is self-contradictory, it if still true that all education must start from an understanding of the facts of the child life. Dr. Chamberlain's work is one of the most important of recent contributions to such a scientific foundation for education, its purpose being the study of child nature with reference to its position and function in the development of the race. What are the actual capacities of the child? Whence does he derive his distinctive traits? What are his normal as distinct from his abnormal tendencies? How exactly does his development repeat that of the race, and what can we learn from this parallelism? are questions for the answers to which our author has brought together all the resources of modern anthropology and psychology. The work is in the best sense a compilation of all that has been thought about the child since the rise of modern research, given as far as possible in the words of the original, and in all cases with a studied fairness of spirit. The bibliography of seven hundred titles is an indication of the width and thoroughness of the author's reading.

The function of childhood has nowhere been more clearly defined than in these pages. Developing Mr. Fiske's idea of the prolongation of infancy, the author points out the immense importance of this play period in fitting the child for the work of life. The aim of education should not be the shortening or in any wise limiting or constraining of this play, but rather the guiding of it so that the boundary line between it and work be rendered as little distinct as possible. The genius is he who has retained most of the spontaneity of his youth and to whom the distinction of work and play is unmeaning. A study of the likenesses and powers of childhood shows the child as the normal type-form of the race, from which the adult is a divergence or degeneration, so that it is as correct to call the man an undeveloped

[1] *The Child: A Study in the Evolution of Man.* By Alexander Francis Chamberlain, M.A., Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The Contemporary Science Series. $2.

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child as the child an undeveloped man. At present the development of the individual shows a sudden checking of growth and failure of the promise of the child which it must be the work of future training to prevent. "If the education of the centuries to come be cast in the spirit of wisdom, the child will not, as now, lose so much in becoming a man, the man or woman lose so much through having been a child, but the childlike elements necessary to the race's full development will persist to the greater glory of the individual and the perfection of mankind."

The discussion of the recapitulation and "culture epoch" theories furnishes one of the most interesting and timely portions of the book. That the child in his embryonic life repeats the history of the race development, and even in mature age retains many of the records of his physical past, is beyond question; that the sports and interests of childhood in like manner are faint echoes of the barbaric past is equally certain; but that there is a fixed series of stages through which the child must pass, and in which we can read the history of the race, is a theory unsupported by the facts. The child may indeed be a nomad, a fisher, a hunter, and a savage, but his passage through these periods by no means takes place with the machine-like regularity implied in many of the schemes of the modern educator. The child develops in constant contact with higher forms of culture which modify his conduct to a degree which makes comparison with race development extremely difficult and unsatisfactory. Granted, however, that in general the stages of development are parallel, it is yet true, as the author concludes, that "the power of environment to shape humanity, irrespective of the 'necessity' for recapitulation, has not been taken into full account by the extreme advocates of the 'culture epoch' theory. And nature seems even now endeavoring to make the 'recapitulation' less and less in the mental, as she has already done in the physical, world. . . . As the higher and more essentially human traits of a mental and moral order permit with increasing stability the formation of character and its utilization in the evolutionary process, such recapitulation as now exists is bound, like the struggle for existence, to be profoundly modified, if not practically abolished." Nature herself seems thus striving to efface the traces of the long process by which man has been brought to his present degree of culture, as if she were in haste that the individual should enjoy the fruit of her labors without undergoing the toil through which the race has passed. It can hardly be the part of an enlightened educator, therefore, especially of those whose only guide is nature, to force the child through all those culture epochs which the race has left behind. Natural enough these barbaric instincts may be, and useful in adapting the human animal to his physical environment, but, on the basis of their mere existence, to assume them as essential elements in the ideal end of education is to mistake the whole purpose of education. We must, indeed, go to nature for an understanding of the material with which we work, but our end is the transformation of the nature from which we start.

Oddly enough after his position on the culture epoch question, in his study of language origins and its application to education the author accepts the naturalistic position as to the teaching of reading and writing. This should be postponed until about the tenth year, when the physical and mental faculties are in a condition justifying the attempt to acquire the art. "The ear and tongue of the child, as was the case with the race, should be given a good deal of exercise and training before the serfdom of the eye and the hand to the alphabet, the copybook, and the dictionary begins." Only one who has forgotten or never experienced the delights of these first four or five years of reading could thus ruthlessly sacrifice them to a theory or lament the serfdom of the eye and hand; nor need any one fear lest the ear and tongue of a child be deprived of their necessary exercise and training.

In the chapters on The Child as Revealer of the Past, The Child and the Savage, The Child and the Criminal, and The Child and the Woman, most valuable data are presented for an understanding of the moral character of childhood. Neither a criminal nor a savage, the child is pictured as the non-scientific mind has usually conceived him, as an undeveloped but normal human being. Nay, more, together with

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woman, he presents the purest type of humanity—the humanity of the future. Most significant have been the results of recent investigations into woman's share in primitive culture, showing as they do that man's superiority has been a temporary phase of evolution, made necessary by the peculiar conditions of the physical struggle for existence, and that the normal development is toward the femininization of the human ideal. "The future humanity lies more in woman than in man, and the child is full of its prophecy." Most important for a sound theory of moral education are the facts presented bearing upon the faults and so-called crimes of children. The subject is one in which there is special need in our times of great sanity of judgment, in view both of the older theological conceptions of sin, which, insensibly perhaps, still dominate our thought, and also of the scientific reaction which would, if it were possible, destroy the very basis of the distinction of good and evil. In particular, the whole sphere of the sexual instincts and their perversion is one in which there is pressing need of just such a study as this. In no other field is there a stronger necessity that a scientific understanding of the causes and meaning of these early moral phenomena should precede our moral judgment upon them. The author's discussion is eminently sane and illuminative.

In view of the wealth of information which this small volume contains, it is perhaps ungracious to venture upon any criticism of it, especially upon one directed toward its faults of omission; and yet the fact that it is an instance of a tendency which has been very detrimental in recent American scholarship calls for a word of comment. The book is an example of both the strength and weakness of the modern method of research which we have imported from Germany: it shows a patient accumulation of facts and theories, but a tolerance so great as to indicate a serious impairment of the critical and selective powers. One is bewildered by the variety of opinions and theories quoted on every topic, and looks in vain for adequate criticism and reconstruction. It is the note-book and questionnaire method—a good and well-used note-book, it is true, but a note-book none the less. To be sure, there is a brief concluding chapter summarizing the discussion, but it altogether fails to take the place of a judicious criticism applied at relevant points throughout the work. Were it not put forth in popular guise, we might accept it with unreserved gratitude as a dictionary of ideas about the child, but as it is we are forced to see in it one more evidence of the chaotic condition of the sciences of things human and the pressure of American life.

Westminster

By Edith M. Thomas

Through umber glooms the morning sunbeam steals,
The beam of England's sun, half light, half mist
(As where, in southern fanes, the eucharist
Warm, wreathing incense but in part reveals).
Here the great legend of the Past appeals,
In no strange tongue, unto the votarist;
Here, here forever Memory keeps tryst
With mighty memories the silence seals!

Forgive, Most High, forgive the yearning Soul
Her dear idolatries, that in this place
With passionate adorings strives to trace
Those elder, kindred spirits to their goal,
Whose dust lies slumbering here, while ages roll,
Whose deathless thought still lights and cheers the race!

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Birds Uncaged and Other Poems. By Burton L. Collins. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 143 pages. $1.

Cat Tales in Verse. By Elliot Walker. The Abbey Press, New York. 9½×6½ in. 47 pages. 50c.

Complete Tribune Primer (The). By Eugene Field. Illustrated. The Mutual Book Co., Boston. 6×7¾ in. 143 pages.

Cordelia and Other Poems. By N. B. Ripley. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 57 pages. 50c.

Cost of Her Pride (The). By Mrs. Alexander. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 313 pages. 50c.

Cupid in Grandma's Garden. By Mrs. David O. Paige. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 6½×9¾ in. 20 pages. 50c.

Current Encyclopedia (The): Prepared by a National Staff of Contributors. Illustrated. Modern Research Society, Chicago. New York Office, 125 East Twenty-third Street, New York. 7½×10¾ in. 152 pages.

This is the first issue of what is to be really a monthly encyclopedia. Each monthly part will treat current events. The July issue, for instance, contains something like a hundred articles, arranged alphabetically, on such topics as China, Taft Commission, Glasgow Exhibition, Tolstoï, Pan-American Exhibition, Edward VII., Walter Besant—all having a basis in recent news events. We commend the idea, and we commend also the thoroughness and care with which the articles have been prepared. The "Current Encyclopedia" will doubtless make a place for itself as a reference work unlike any other, and will be of great utility to students and writers.

D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 362 pages. $1.50.

"Eben Holden" was almost universally liked because it had the wholesome, pleasant flavor of American country life, because of its pretty boy-and-girl love story, and, most of all, because its one strong character was simply natural and quaintly original. If a book has native humor in its talk and truth in its characters, it is hypercritical to insist on craft in construction or subtlety in analysis. "D'ri and I" has some of the qualities of Mr. Bacheller's first book, yet it differs in being primarily a story of fighting and personal adventure. The scene is in the "North Country" of New York, on Lake Erie (including a stirring narrative of Perry's battle and victory), and over the Canadian border, and the time is the War of 1812. There is a gallant young American soldier, a somewhat misty English lord in the rôle of enemy and persecutor of lovers, and two sprightly French demoiselles of not altogether convincing reality. The only character in the book who will remain in the reader's mind a month after the story is read is D'ri, the rugged patriot who is as good in a fight as in a hunt or in building up a home in the wilderness. D'ri has shrewd wit, a ready tongue, and a backwoods philosophy of his own; he is sturdier than Eben and is by no means a repetition of that gentle-minded out-of-door friend of humanity. The story has brisk action and records thrilling escapes and clever ruses as well as deeds of valor. Beyond doubt it will be widely read.

Devil's Diary (The). By Louis M. Elshemus. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 271 pages.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, 1900. Vols. I. and II. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 5¾×9 in.

A useful dictionary of wage statistics gathered from official publications. For all English-speaking countries the authorities cited are usually the reports of labor bureaus or labor commissions. For other countries they are more often simply the reports of consuls and diplomatic representatives of this country and Great Britain. Nevertheless, the more reliable statistical works published within these countries themselves have also been utilized.

George Eliot's Works. (The Personal Edition.) Vols. VII. and VIII. Middlemarch. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. Per vol., $1.50.

Green Valley. By T. P. Buffington. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 151 pages. $1.

Handy Dictionary of Biography (The). By Charles Morris. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×8½ in. 607 pages.

A moderate-sized one-volume biographical dictionary has its usefulness, but its plan forbids anything like adequate treatment of individual subjects. In this book the difficult subjects of proportion and relative importance seem to have been handled with reasonable skill. As the preface announces that the book is strictly up to date, and that special attention has been given to those who have recently won their reputation, it is fair to note that a few minutes' search disclosed the absence of the names of Governor Taft, Governor Allen, General Chaffee, J. P. Morgan, Winston Churchill, John S. Sargent, Governor Odell, and Augustus St. Gaudens. Henry James is spoken of throughout in the past tense, under the evident impression that he is no more, while, on the contrary, W. M. Evarts's death is not recorded.

How Tommy Was Cured of Crying, and Other Rhymes for the Little Ones. By Gertrude R. Mitchell Waite. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 6½×10 in. 556 pages. 50c.

Industrial Evolution. By Carl Bücher. Translated from the German by S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 393 pages. $2.50.

A work of prime importance to economic students. While German in the thoroughness

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of its scholarship, it is almost Gallic in its style, and is, for the most part, decidedly interesting reading even to those who would avoid most economic treatises. The author is not a philosopher with a fad, who twists the whole universe into an illustration of his central idea, but an observer endowed with common sense, who can see things as they are and point out the truths they naturally suggest. In our view, the most valuable portion of the work is that dealing with the industrial changes which began in the Middle Ages and are still continuing in our own time. His observations respecting both the decline of the handicrafts and their perseverance in rural communities are strikingly fresh and strikingly true. One of his chapters deals with "the evolution of journalism," and, while not at all essential to the general development of his thought, is none the less a most suggestive review of the history of this profession.

Land of the Wine (The). By A. J. Drexel Biddle, F.R.G.S., F.G.S.A., F.R.M.S. Illustrated. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. 2 vols. 5½×8¾ in. $7.50.

These two substantial volumes, illustrated with seventy-five full-page reproductions from photographs, embody a study of twelve years as to the discovery, history, climate, geography, commerce, flora and fauna, wine culture, and other aspects of the islands of Madeira. The information is put together in a somewhat desultory way in paragraphs, not always closely connected, each of which has its own side-title. There are occasional attempts at humorous writing, but, as a rule, the information is rather baldly conveyed, without much narrative skill. As a compendium of all imaginable forms of knowledge about the "land of the wine," the work is unique.

La Réforme Libérale de l'Education Scolaire. Par Gédéon Gory. Albert Fontemoing, Ancienne Librairie Thorin et Fils, Paris. 4½×7¼ in. 296 pages.

Light in the Darkness. By K. B. Birkeland. Illustrated. The Minnehaha Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 6×8½ in. 669 pages. $2.50.

Mr. Birkeland's statement that he sailed in the steerage of a White Star liner for a trip around the world is rather a prepossessing introduction to his account of it. One is not disappointed in anticipating an enterprising reporter in keen sympathy with many things that do not interest the globe-trotters who travel first-class. The story is fullest of things seen in India, where the traveler made a special study of social life in Santhalistan, and testifies both of the moral darkness there and of the light diffused by Christian missionaries. There is no lack of variety or of vividness in Mr. Birkeland's snap-shots, or of the success which warrants venture on another series.

Mrs. Green. By Evelyne Elsye Rynd. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4½×7 in. 178 pages. 75c.

New England Folk. By Mrs. C. Richmond Duxbury. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 295 pages. $1.

Problem of Conduct (The): A Study in the Phenomenology of Ethics. By Alfred Edward Taylor. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 501 pages. $3.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Tabby's Defense. By Harriet Elliot. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 41 pages. 50c.

Ten Singing Lessons. By Mathilde Marchesi. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 198 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

When the Land was Young. By Lafayette McLaws. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 383 pages. $1.50.

This is romance, and rather extravagant romance, although it is based on Virginia colonial history. The incidents follow one another with briskness, and the adventures of the hero and heroine among the Indians, the Spaniards of St. Augustine, and with the buccaneers of Sir Henry Morgan's fleet are certainly exciting. The story is told with considerable spirit, but is marred and almost spoiled by the fact that the reader is called upon to believe that a young girl successfully disguises herself as a young man and lives for weeks on board a pirate ship without detection, fighting duels, beating down gigantic pirates at the sword's point, and, in fact, domineering over them as a master. This is too great a stretch on the imagination to be acceptable, and the fault pervades the whole book.

Wisdom of Passion (The). By Salvarona. The Mystic River Book Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 248 pages. $2.

The fundamental thought of the author is sound, though not as new as he seems to think. Human nature is, first of all, a sentient nature. Feeling is its primary and prominent characteristic. All men are ruled by feeling; the worth of a man is what his worth of feeling is, and this is what the object is worth to which his feeling goes forth. What is new in this book pertains either to its phraseology or to some conclusions drawn. By "the wisdom of passion" seems to be meant the philosophy of feeling. But the author thinks that "the aim of philosophy and science is to annihilate feeling." It is rather to rationalize it. It does not occur to him that neither philosophy nor science is ever cultivated except by those who feel an interest in so doing. An author who accepts the statement that "God is Love" runs into inconsistency as well as extravagance in saying that "any religious principle which has in it elements of devotional feeling makes a poor theology." Such faults are quite too common in this book.

Wood-Pile Recollections. By Charles Louis Olds. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 140 pages. 50c.

In a note accompanying the article by the late Henry Drummond on "The Evolution of Bible Study," published in The Outlook for August 17, the statement was made that the book containing this article would soon be published by "Edward S. Gorham, successor to James Pott & Co." The firm of James Pott & Co. writes to The Outlook as follows: "We beg to call your attention to the fact that Mr. Gorham withdrew from the firm of James Pott & Co. in May, 1900, and that the firm of James Pott & Co. was continued, there being no successor."

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Correspondence

Ritualism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

With the spirit of your editorial comment in the issue of August 10 upon Ritualism in California every Episcopalian not a ritualist must agree. I venture to think, however, that the comment is slightly misleading, in that it seems to imply that San Francisco and the diocese of which it is the center—a diocese in every way more influential than that of Los Angeles—is also in danger of falling into the control of the ritualists. I know little of the real situation in Los Angeles. It is as far separated from San Francisco as Richmond from New York. But of San Francisco and its neighborhood I am able to speak at first hand; and I think it is safe to say that there, during the last five years, the real influence of ritualism (which must be sharply distinguished from its somewhat noisy claims) has not increased. There has been an increase in its numbers. It now counts four clergy and three parishes, as against one each five years ago; but, for reasons into which I need not enter, these clergy, while gaining, personally, to a large degree the good feeling of the diocese, have not established themselves in the sympathy or confidence of its other clergy or its leading laymen. On the other hand, there has been during the same period, besides the continued strength of opposition among the older clergy, a clearly marked increase in the numbers and strength of the younger men who oppose the Catholicizing of the Church in the sense in which the ritualistic party intends it. In other words, things have not reached such a condition in central California as that which is said to exist in Los Angeles.

There is danger—grave danger—to the Episcopal Church throughout the country. There can be no doubt that ritualism is increasing and will increase. It is of the nature of these utterly irrational movements in religion to grow, it is not too much to say, by the very fact of their irrationality. But, granting the gravity of the present situation, one need hardly fear any ultimate domination of the Episcopal Church by the movement. The general materialistic movement of which it is a part is passing. The effect of historical criticism, both in Biblical and theological lines, cannot be ignored; but, still more important, it is among the clergy that ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism flourish. It is impossible, however, to eliminate from the constitution of the Church the large official power and still larger unofficial influence of the laity. Upon the sober and well-balanced sense of her great body of laymen the Episcopal Church can ultimately rely. She has a very great mission in America; but it is not to play understudy to Rome.

EDWARD L. PARSONS.

San Mateo, Cal.

The Resurrection and Ascension

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of July 20 there appeared in Correspondence an answer, or rather a discussion of your statements in the issue of June 22 touching "the physical ascension" of Jesus Christ. It occurred to me at the time I read your views upon this question, and it still occurs to me, that the *physical ascension* of Jesus, not simply his ascension irrespective of its character, is inextricably bound up with and is a corollary of his *physical resurrection;* he who believes the latter will have little difficulty with the former or with the "phenomena" attending it. But the "fact" and the "phenomena" of the physical resurrection are, fortunately, not dependent upon one doubtful verse or upon the authenticity of an "appendix," but upon the simple yet sublime Gospel narrative in its entirety, given in minute detail and with circumstantial nicety; as witness, among other things, the finding of the linen napkin folded and laid in a place by itself, the linen napkin which had been upon his physical body, and also that pathetic statement "but Him they saw not."

Surely if his physical body was raised after a genuine and physical death, then, unless he *died again*, that body must have gone physically somewhere, and where

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else, save as stated, to "the right hand" of His Father and our Father?

Baltimore, Md. R. F. K.

[Belief in the physical ascension of Jesus does not follow from belief in his physical resurrection. Paul declares in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians that "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed," and that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It is incredible that Jesus should be in the celestial sphere inhabiting a terrestrial or material body, though whether the body was changed at the ascension or in the resurrection or in the intermediate forty weeks is a question to which it is impossible to give any answer. We must be content to leave some matters inexplicable mysteries.—THE EDITORS.]

An Odd Umbrella

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Spectator quotes some English journal noting the latest American invention—an umbrella with a glass in it—a good thing for stormy weather. Prior to 1876 I lived at home in western New York, and before that date my mother had for several years an umbrella with an oval glass in it, probably 2x3½ or 2½x4 inches. It was quite a novelty at the time, and I have never seen one since. As has been said before, there is nothing new under the sun. C. A. T.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Please state some of the principal points in the Bible in the New and Old Testament concerning which higher criticism takes exception.

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The higher (or, as preferably termed, historical) criticism takes exception to statements in the Bible only so far as they are inconsistent with other statements in the Bible. It is, in general, not these which are the main concern of historical criticism, but rather the sources, authorship, and date of the several books of the Bible. It is in these points that its extensive corrections of traditional beliefs have brought it prominently into general notice and discussion. For a fair understanding of the subject see a book written for laymen, "The Modern View of the Old Testament," by Professor Batten (E. S. Graham, New York).

Where may I find some information in regard to Flora McDonald, a Scotch woman of great piety?

S.

The only Flora Macdonald of whom we have any knowledge was the one famous in the annals of the Jacobites, and her distinguishing characteristic was loyalty rather than piety.

Please name the best up-to-date book dealing with the relation of Apostolic teaching to the teachings of Jesus. R. N. A.

See Professor Gilbert's recent book, "The Teaching of the Apostles," a sequel to his book "The Revelation of Jesus" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50).

Several correspondents have asked us where they may obtain the pamphlet describing the religious experiences of the Indian girl Wi-yu, quoted in the editorial on "The Divinity of Christ," published in The Outlook for August 3 last. The story was written by Mrs. L. P. Broad, and requests for it may be addressed to her at the Kansas Congregational Home Missionary Society, 701 Jackson Street, Topeka, Kansas. The cost of the pamphlet is $2 per hundred copies, postage prepaid; single copies, three cents.

Weed's "Life of Christ for the Young" is published by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, and not, as we stated, by the Pilgrim Press, Boston. The price is sixty cents, net. Mr. Weed has also written three other books of similar character for children, the Life of St. Paul, of St. John, and of St. Peter, the last of which the same publishing firm has now in press.

As to "S. B. C.'s" remark about conscience in the savage (Notes and Queries in The Outlook of July 6), the Rev. Cutting Marsh, missionary to the Indians in Wisconsin from 1830 to 1848, narrates a story told him by a noted warrior among one of the tribes he visited. When he reached the age at which he was to begin his life as a warrior, and was seeking to kill some one of their enemies as a suitable introduction to his new life, he discovered a boy, belonging to a family of whites whom they had attacked, hiding in the bushes. This, as he thought, was his opportunity. But as the little fellow pleaded for his life and then struggled to pull out the arrow that had pierced his breast from the cruel hand of the young savage, a feeling of remorse awakened in the bosom of the slayer that he could not afterwards shake off. Day and night the image of the dying, entreating lad followed him. And at last, so troubled was he that he stated the case to his chief, a renowned warrior, who told him the remedy for such a feeling. It was to run three times around the village, chanting a song designed to drive off the evil spirits. The incident shows the existence of conscience in the savage mind. They were familiar with its experience and had a remedy, in their superstition, prepared for it. J. E. C.

Who is the author of a poem from which the following lines are quoted, and where might it be found:

"Lord of the bunt and gasket, master of the yard,
To whom no lands were distant, to whom no seas were barred;
Who gave his life for glory, who sold his soul for rum,
To whom all things were barter—slaves, spices, gold, and gum"?

I think the poem is entitled "Sailor of the Sail," and was written not many years ago by one who was formerly in the English navy or merchant marine.

C. G.

"J. S. B." inquires, August 10, if there is an edition of Genesis printed in colors. I have such a book, by Professor E. C. Bissell, of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, published by Belknap & Warfield, Hartford, Conn. G. A. W.

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